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The Sansui G-9000 pure power DC receiver.



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NATIONAL LAMPOON



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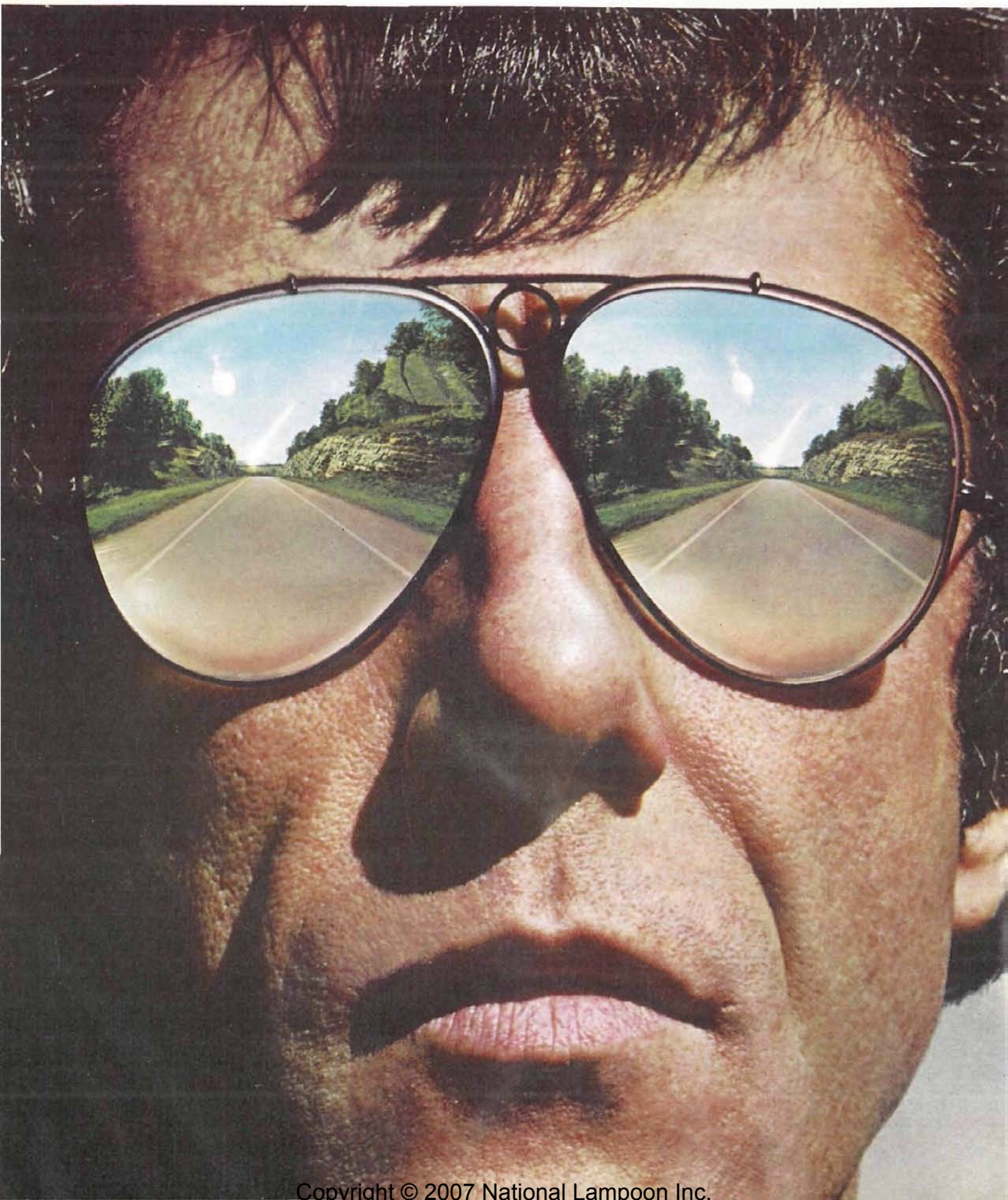
As for styling, the 2E looks more like a limited edition than a Special Value Edition. From the rich red finish to the cafe racer-inspired lines.

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YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

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For the man who travels by van, Sparkomatic has special Van Speakers. And these speakers don't take their van name in vain. They are designed to fit the "acrobatic" mounting requirements and acoustical imbalances created in vans. They're also engineered to handle up to 50 watt power peaks. They sound and look superb.



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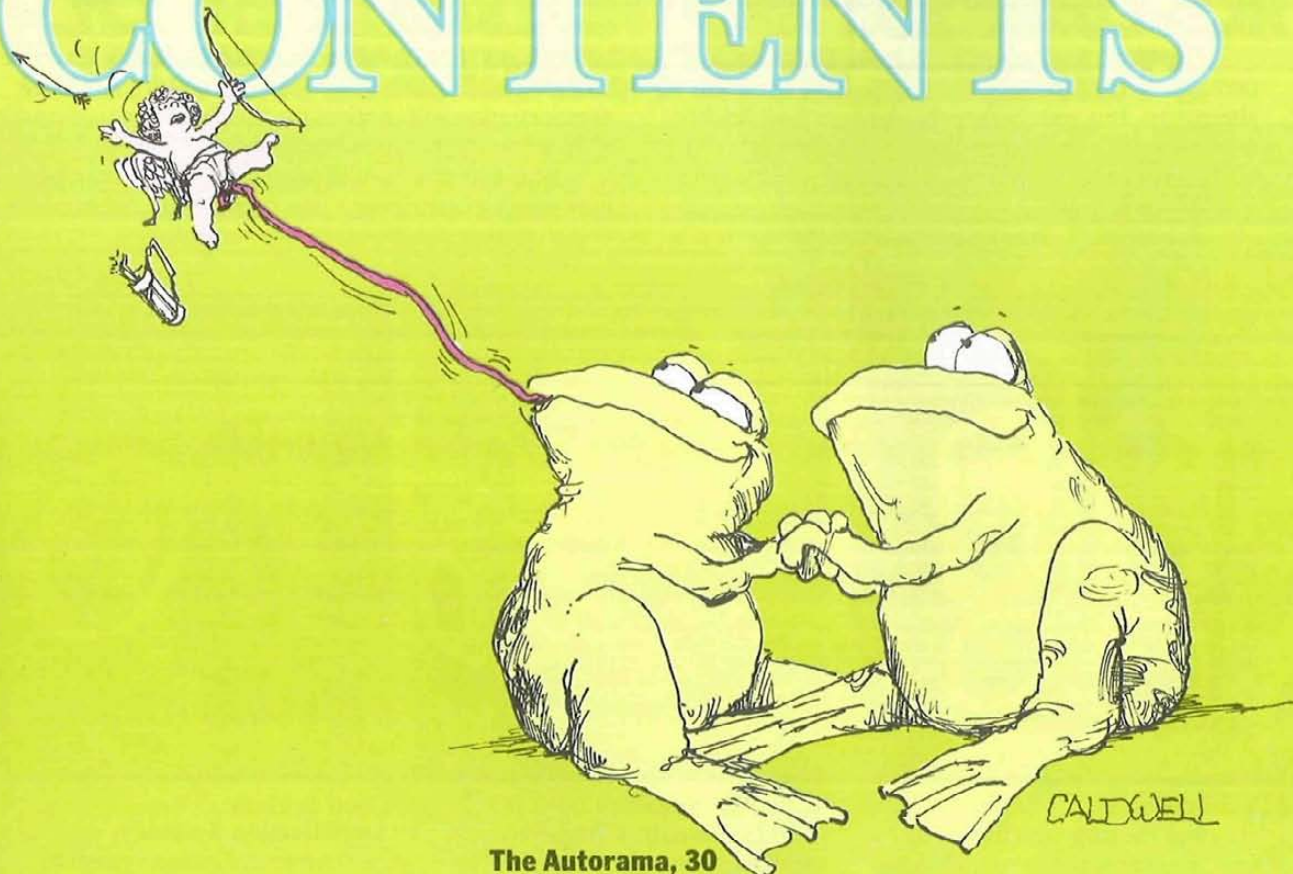
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FILLER

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Most new car problems start just about the time most new car warranties stop.

Introducing the Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile warranty.

If anything major goes wrong with a car, chances are it won't happen in the first year. That's why every new Fiat now comes with a 2 year or 24,000 mile power train warranty.

| Manufacturer | Standard new car warranty* | Power train warranty* |
|--------------|----------------------------|--|
| Fiat | 12 mos. or 12,000 mi. | 24 mos. or 24,000 mi. on engine, transmission and drive train. |
| Toyota | 12 mos. or 12,000 mi. | |
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| Honda | 12 mos. or 12,000 mi. | |
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And now we can pass the extra confidence

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FIAT

First we improved the car.
Then we improved the warranty.

*From date of delivery.

EDITORIAL

This here is what you call your basic hodgepodge issue. *Hodgepodge* is a term that we use up here at NatLampCo to denote an issue that transcends the linear trap of a "theme." By opening up the issue to any and all topics, we "break down the doors of perception," in a manner of speaking. Or, to put it another way, the March issue was so impossibly late that our only hope of getting on the newsstands this month was to reach into our files and run *anything*.

Okay. Hold it right there. I can see that a few superanalytical types out there are jumping up and down, screaming for a refund. God! Some people! My apologies to those of you who know how to behave like mature, responsible adults. Did I say that the material in this issue was anything less than A-1, top-of-the line *NatLamp* boffs? I did not. I merely said that we were forced to dip into our files. For all you know, our files might be filled with unpublished travelogues of Mark Twain, lost Socratic dialogues, and spicy stuff from *Moll Flanders* that eighteenth century editors didn't have the guts to publish. Files *qua* files means nothing to me, and it should mean nothing to you. It is the *content* of those files that's at issue here.

I can say without fear of contradiction—and no one fears contradiction more than myself—that each and every piece in this issue can hold its head up high within the fraternity of humor articles and say, "I am a *National Lampoon* piece."

I will now throw caution to the winds and invite you into our inner sanctum, to give you some of what Miguel Unamuno might have called "the bones and sinews of *editoring*." How precisely does an editor choose to run one piece while consigning one of equal or greater merit to the files everlasting? Let's take a hypothetical case of an editor whose last name is—oh, I don't know—Kaminsky. Now Kaminsky is busy as a bee "editing" the April issue of *National Lampoon*. With four pages as yet unfilled, he can see the finish line down the stretch. Kaminsky opens his mail to find a thoroughly sidesplitting piece by one Alison Gordon, a resident of the large pink country called Canada. "Terrific," says Kaminsky to himself. "This little number will finish out the issue very nicely." And so saying, our hero decides to break all convention and treat himself to a midafternoon highball in celebration of the termination of his labors. Reaching into his billfold, K is stunned to find a yawning emptiness.

Just then, another editor, call him—oh, I don't know—Weiner, rushes into K's office with a rather puzzling yet otherwise undistinguished piece about jazz drumming in the Soviet Union. Weiner thoroughly debases himself, and, in a most abject manner, implores the exacting Kaminsky to run his piece.

You begin to see the problem. If K repairs to his local quafforium, orders a double martini, and plunks down Ms. Gordon's manuscript in payment, the barkeep is liable to feel Kaminsky has not fulfilled his part of the transaction—i.e., the exchange of a drink for \$2.25 U.S. If, on the other hand, Kaminsky is able to breach the miserly Weiner's considerable defenses by accepting his puzzling yet otherwise undistinguished piece about jazz drumming in the Soviet Union, it is entirely possible that a temporarily outgoing Weiner will stand Kaminsky the price of one double martini.

Result? Weiner's piece runs...Gordon's goes into the file.

And so you have this issue. Behind each piece in it, there lies a similarly sordid little tale.

Peter Kaminsky
Issue Editor

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG, '77.

Don't tell me taste isn't everything.

I expect one thing from my cigarette.
Taste. And only Winston gives me the taste
I like. Winston is all taste all the time.
And for me, taste is everything.



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Winston King. Winston 100's.

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And almost anybody can afford.

High Fidelity Components
PIONEER

We bring it back alive.

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Sirs:

I may be writing to the wrong house, but I seen that article in your magazine about frying things, and I just wanted to say I tried that cooking oil while sodomizing a street boy, and I desire to say it all came back—except this much.

Longtemps Jean Genet
Paris, Ontario

Sirs:

Do you want to know what Druses worship? Well, friends, this heretical Shi'a sect of Moslems have accepted the eleventh century Fatimid caliph of Al Kahira (later Cairo), Hakim, as *Mahdi*—a mystical incarnation of the messiah. The great Caliph Hakim is celebrated for betting his friends handfuls of dinar that they couldn't jump onto a little piece of wood floating in his pond. Under the little piece of wood was a six-foot pin-sharp spike. Thus the great caliph is among the first in recorded history to jovially tell his friends to "sit on a stick."

Akmand Ibn Mann
Department of Snake Pits
University of Cairo

Sirs:

i'm writing for our poetry collective to sk you if you hve ny broken type-writers we could hve. we re modern poets nd if a few letters re missing we dont mind becuse its rt. ll rt. thnks lot. jill nd rippy goofpwk wisconsciousness university

Sirs:

I have this to say to Akmand Ibn Mann. It's easy to criticize. Really easy. The cruelties (alleged) of Hakim, the caliph of Al Kahira, were simply the result of the difficulties faced by

him in the administration of his city. Also, his father Aziz died when Hakim was just a boy, and the shock of being told of his father's death by the eunuch Bargawan while he (Hakim) was up in a tree may have had a telling influence on his later development. I repeat, it's easy to criticize.

Susan Teenerbein, M.A.
Egypt Junior College
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

I would tend to agree.

Mary McCarthy
Edmund Wilson's Knee
New York, N. Y.

him by sight but not by name.

"Why are you sitting all alone?" said the member.

"Because I have no friends," replied Evelyn.

"Of course not," said the member. "You sit around all day on your butt like a stuck pig."

At the time of this exchange, many of Evelyn's friends were concerned about the bizarre workings of the great author's paraldehyde-fed imagination. It is my belief, however, that Evelyn did not imagine the aforementioned conversation—I took part in a similar one with Joan Didion not two weeks ago.

I was passing through a lonely park near Los Angeles and I happened to notice the *Esquire* columnist seated on a bench, alone. I approached her.

"Why are you sitting all alone?"

I inquired.

"Sometimes I like to be alone," she replied.

"Of course you do," I said.

"Anyone who writes in that self-pitying whine disguised as tough-guy talk made popular by Dashiell Hammett could be expected to effect behavior of that sort."

With that, I walked off.

I just don't want anyone to think Joan is paranoid. Right?

Miles Bunn
Los Angeles, Calif.

NATIONAL
LAMPOON'S
**ANIMAL
HOUSE**
Nat Lamp's first film...
escapes
this summer!

Sirs:

Encounter group leader one to T-group leader—swakxxxx!

Over. T-group leader here—pottery workshop leader in position near hors d'oeuvres—swazzk! Over. est group leader to encounter group leader one—sqawkzzzxxx! I've spotted a covey of liberals admiring a Rauschenberg in an upstairs hall—swakkzzkk! I'm going in—swazzack! Over. Encounter group leader to est group leader—sracckkk! We'll try and bunch them up for you—sweeterrk! Good hunting! Over.

Chateau Lafite Escadrille
A Party, California

Sirs:

What's all this brouhaha, this paying of noisy observance, this discursive recognition of Hakim, the eleventh-century Fatimid caliph? I only died recently, and everyone, experts in lettered cruelties and

Sirs:

I've been playing poker by mail with Peter Kaminsky, and I sent him a check for a \$300 "raise" two weeks ago, and now I see he has cashed the check, and I want to know whether this means he is "calling" me, or what? Also, would all the editors who want to be dealt in on the next hand please send me their addresses so I can mail them the cards?

Rick Hat
Trollers Coffee House
Horseshoe Bay, Canada

Sirs:

The late Evelyn Waugh, sitting alone in his club, White's, was approached by a member known to

continued on page 26



“Natalie Cole introduced us to the white rum screwdriver.”

“I first met Natalie Cole when she called me in as recording engineer on one of her albums. Natalie’s the perfectionist of all time, and not just in her singing. I mean she really knows it all when it comes to mixing music tracks.

After one very late session, she invited us back to her house for a nightcap. Natalie was having a screwdriver, but instead of mixing the orange juice with vodka, she used white rum. Now that was a new one on us, and we had to try it.

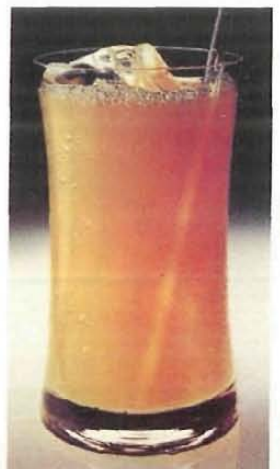
La Cole is on to a great thing! White rum mixes better with orange juice than either vodka or gin. It has a nice clean, mellow taste

we really enjoy. Since then we’ve discovered that white rum is terrific with tonic or soda and makes a fantastically smooth martini.

Leave it to Natalie Cole, the perfectionist. Whether it’s mixing music or mixing drinks, this lady knows what she’s doing!”

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a screwdriver, try a white rum screwdriver next time. You’ll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at least a full year before it’s bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.



PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free “Light Rums of Puerto Rico” recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. NL-4 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019 © 1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico.

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Canadian Corner



Fellow Canadians:

You may remember me as a traitor, the former leader of the *National Lampoon* Volunteer Army, sworn to overthrow the Canadian government, enslave the people of that great nation, and force them to plow fields with their feet. For many years I have been a general in day-to-day command of my own army, bivouacked just across the border in New York State. I have no doubt my bellicosity, invasion feints, and ultimatums have given you troubled dreams of the future; albeit dreams caused in part by the ale for which our great land is deservedly well known within its own borders.

The long night is over. I may now remove the scale from your eyes, the dress shields from under your arms; in short, clue you in. My quarrel has

never been with the Canadian people, only with strongman Trudeau, and it ended when he became my adjutant, holding the rank of French Canadian in my army.

For the past several years, in the course of practicing the military arts in the United States, I have become intimately acquainted with the American military mind, and with that nation's brainwashed populace, in preparation for the day when I and the officers' mess fund would return to the land of my birth and lead it towards greatness.

You must trust to my experience as a soldier when I tell you there is no finer fighting man in the world than the frost-tempered Canuck; nor, for that matter, a finer fucking woman, many of whom now, even as I address you, toil in virtual slavery over stoves south of the border.

Canadians, I have come north to change this. No more will our powerful nation crouch deep in its earth, a warthog at bay, pink eyes glowing like taillights in a fog of trepidation. No more will the Canadian people sport the tartan flannel of disgrace or don the flag-bedecked stocking cap of humiliation. We shall avenge the hu-

milating cease-fire of 1812, and our later forced acquiescence to the territorial demands of the so-called iron president, James K. Polk, the grubby-fingered cutpurse who stole Oregon from the empire. The time has come to take back what is ours. The only thing I demand of every Canadian is absolute loyalty to me, the cause, the country, and his wife for a night.

I shall establish a new government, one more in accordance with the spirit of our people: the people's tyranny of Canada. Then, once I have consolidated all the money in my vault and the opposition in jail, I shall build an army such as the world has never seen since Attila the Hun led all the mental patients in Mongolia, known as the dirty fifty or sixty thousand, out of the east and across half of Europe.

My sixth column (you are reading the fifth) is paving the way for our conquest of the U.S. Many prominent Americans have already agreed to work for our cause in return for a chance to serve the new government as wazirs, viziers, palahas, and such. It would be indiscreet to go into detail, but I can tell you that "the old fox of San Clemente" is with us, and will be made elector of the west for his help. Many, many other Americans stand ready to rally to our cause in return for administrative positions under the people's tyranny. In fact, many are already Canadian citizens, sworn in by me in my capacity as shadow dictator.

I am a political realist. I do not expect all Canadians to crowd around me with placards and hurrahs at once. Many great ideas take time to catch on; I understand some of Charles Darwin's still haven't in many parts of the country. I accept that for what it's worth. Approximately three dead flies.

I will not be on the ballot in the upcoming election, contrary to dictator protocol. However, I shall understand every registered Canadian voter who does not choose to exercise his option to be one of my supporters. I anticipate an easy victory, and have already called a moving truck for Adjutant Trudeau.

A beginning. In five years, we shall be ready. Then let the world watch its hat and coat. Hail the people's tyranny.

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Consolidated Forces
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Dictator Lord T. Mann
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*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

†New IHF '75 standard

PPR. The price performance relationship of Technics new receiver line led by the SA-5770 (shown below). PPR is our way of telling you how much performance, technology and power you're getting for your money. And it may be the reason why so many people are buying and recommending Technics receivers.

When you listen to our new receivers, you'll hear what PPR means to your ears: The big, wide-band power output of our direct-coupled amplifiers. Made possible by the current handling capacity of our large transformers and conservatively rated power supply capacitors. And the hidden dynamic range you'll discover in your records, up to 78 dB S/N. Thanks to load-resistant 3-stage IC's in the phono equalizer sections.

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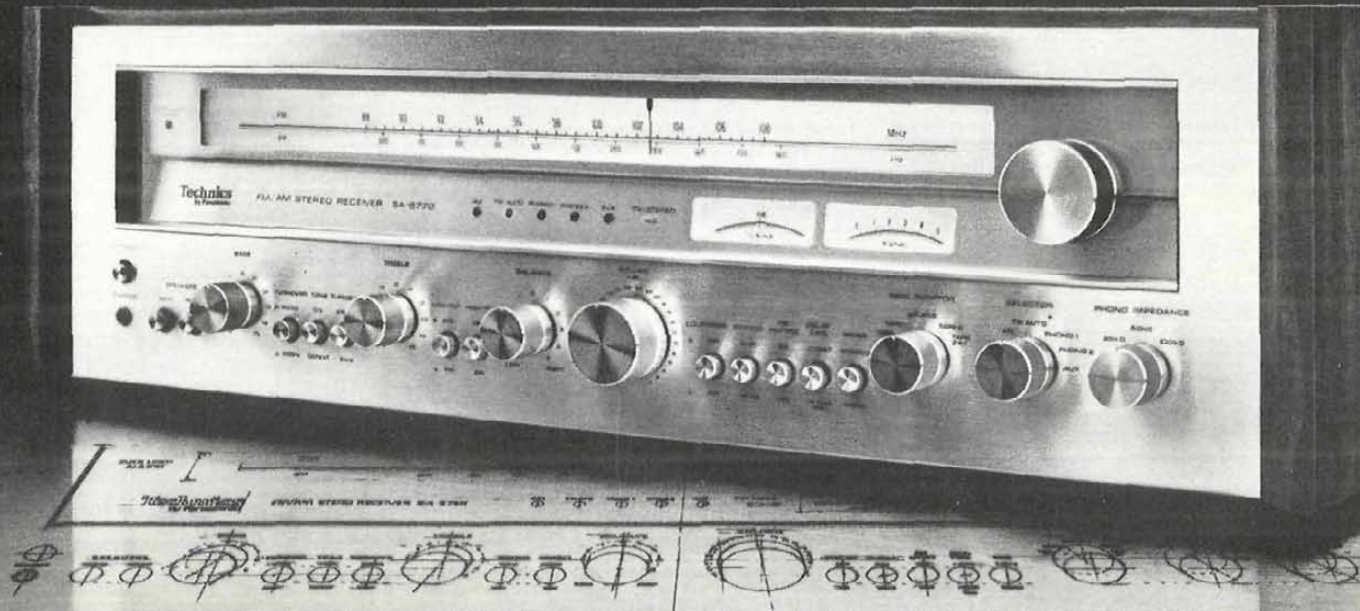
What you won't hear is annoying distortion. Because it's so low, it's virtually inaudible, even in our economy model.

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OUTLOOK:
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VOLUME I, NO. XCVII

APRIL, 1978

YELLOW STREAK EDITION

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WEST GERMAN PRICE SUPPORTS TO REVIVE U.S. ECONOMY

Bonn—West Germany, as a voluntary gesture of friendship, is cutting back its flow of exports to the United States.

Although the West German economy is regarded by some as the "locomotive" destined to pull Europe from recession, the Bonn government has become seriously troubled over the "unconscionable practice of designedly undercutting American manufacturers with better engineered, higher quality, more profitable goods." Consequently, the West German Ministry of Trade will soon begin paying its factories not to produce kitchen appliances, stereo equipment, automobiles, steel, optical glass, cameras, and other popular items.

Large assembly lines, such as those at Braun, Mercedes, BMW, and Krupp, will be shut down and abandoned, for which the companies will receive compensation from the Trade Ministry as if they had actually made and sold their products. In other instances, the government will simply purchase the finished goods and later destroy them, convert them into less desirable products, or place the items in state



Some goods formerly exported to the U.S. will be diverted to other uses, such as this automobile fertilization project near Mainz.

storehouses, to be distributed in various federally-funded school lunch programs. "We estimate we can trim our output by 75 percent over the next two years," stated one observer. "And West German government-fixed price floors will also help the situation. For example, a Rolleiflex flash attachment retailing in the U.S. for approximately \$2,160, or a Volkswagen Dasher for \$19,850, should guarantee the American econ-

omy a more equitable ratio of domestic to German sales."

In a related development, officials have disclosed that certain overconscientious German corporations have taken their own initiative in rectifying the trade imbalance by offering illegal bribes to U.S. companies to influence them to lower their prices and to make better products.

Dual reportedly gave large amounts to U.S. politicians to en-

courage higher cassette deck tariffs and obtain under-the-counter licenses that would enable them to ship piece parts to America for assembly, and thereby take advantage of our higher labor costs and inferior craftsmanship.

In a recent national referendum, Germans voted to finance the new price supports by imposing a 45 percent windfall profits tax on themselves, which sum they expect to raise by im-

porting vast quantities of American goods and selling them to themselves. "We are ashamed," one worker noted. "We have been pushy neighbors, and we are truly sorry." President Carter expressed content with the German move. Interviewed while inspecting a "simulated withdrawal" maneuver being carried out by American NATO forces, he congratulated Bonn leaders on their sensible course of action.

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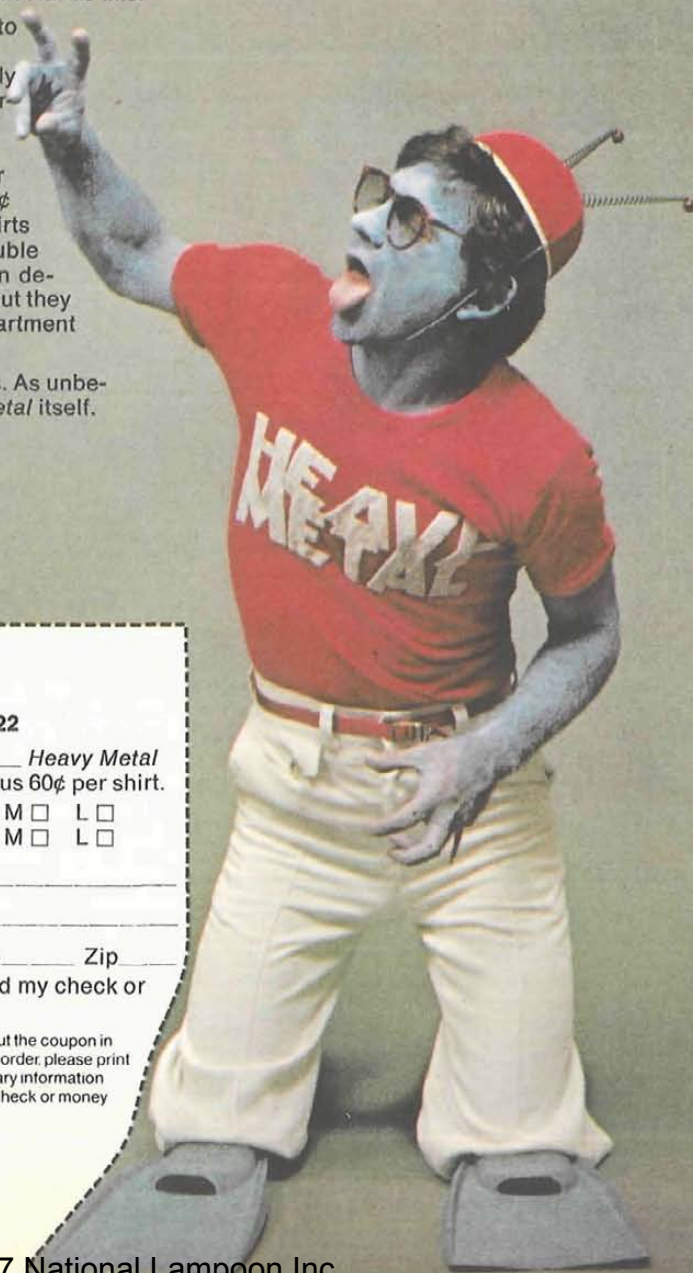
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Drug Enables Parents to Deactivate Children

Ann Arbor, Michigan—Scientists at the University of Michigan have developed a drug which will allow parents to deactivate their children for up to six months. The drug suspends life, yet preserves tissue. A second drug has been developed to restore life. No special equipment is needed to administer the medication.

The new drug, which is cherry flavored, is taken orally. Within six hours, the child dehy-

drates and can be "folded" and placed in a safe place. The drug, which is only effective on prepubescent children, is seen as a boon to working parents and parents who want to get away from home for a while. "Very soon, it will be possible to dehydrate the kids and jet down to the Bahamas," Dr. Leonard Wilkie, director of the project, said. "When they get back, they'll give the kids an injection and a couple gallons of water, and they're in business."

Vaginitis Halts Manilow Tour

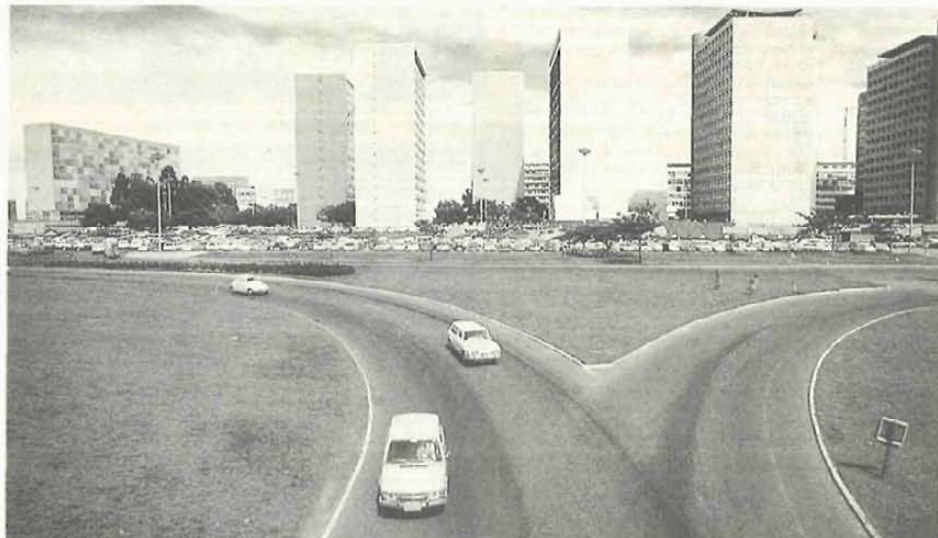
St. Louis—Popular singer Barry Manilow has been forced to cancel his nationwide tour on orders of his doctor. Manilow is suffering from vaginitis.

The tour, which began in New York last month, has been sold out for weeks. Manilow played seven shows with the ailment, but was finally forced to return to his home in New York to seek treatment. "Barry's vagina is severely swollen, and he is in a great deal of pain," an aide told reporters. "He was just treated for a tipped uterus, so we don't want to take any chances."

Teen Jet Fighter Gang Terrorizes Wisconsin Town

Fontana, Wisconsin—A gang of teen-age fighter pilots held this small Wisconsin hamlet in terror for two days recently as they strafed and buzzed homes and businesses in their souped-up F-101 fighters. The youths drank beer and performed dangerous stunts with their deadly aircraft as local police stood by, helpless. Finally, an Air Force squadron forced the teens to the ground and ordered them out of town. "They're just a bunch of bully cowards," Olaf Johansen, a local resident, said. "Take away their radar and their 50 mm. cannon and they're just punks." The leader of the gang, who was identified only as "Johnny" was cited for federal noise pollution violations and was ordered to install noise reduction equipment on his fighter.

Socko Cambo Metro Pix Hint Commie Rule Boffo



First photos released. These photographs were smuggled out of Phnom Penh recently, and show the full effects of the Communist takeover of Cambodia. This city, the nation's capital, once teemed with thousands of poor living in hovels and shacks. Open-air markets sprawled along streets and in squares. Dire poverty coexisted in squalor beside the ostentatious dwellings and shops of the wealthy minority. Today, however, Phnom Penh resembles a utopian city of the future: state-of-the-art technology has eliminated all physical deterioration of the city, and the Cambodians live and work in a healthy, efficient, and aesthetically pleasant metropolis.

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Rumania Suffers Brain Damage

New York: World Health Organization officials have confirmed that Rumania has suffered massive brain damage.

A freak accident involving nearly all of Rumania's population has resulted in impaired vision, light-headedness, and the inability to ab-

stract thoughts. On March 11 of this year, 20,394,443 Rumanians fell and struck their heads on rocks, furniture, or concrete. Offers of food and medical assistance have been refused. However, embassy spokesmen say that the country is in dire need of hatboxes, shoehorns, and slide trombones.

Are We Losing Our Lips?

Chicago—According to Dr. Milton Barkwick of the University of Chicago, man is not losing his lips. There were rumors circulating in academic and scientific circles that humans were losing their lips as they had lost tails many millions of years ago. "Our lips are here to stay," Dr. Barkwick said.

Russian Satellite Country Crashes in Georgia



Only photo within arm's reach of life inside Soviet satellite country believed to have crashed in Georgia. Children practice on goats to perfect technique for Russian tourists.

Bootsheet, Georgia—A Russian satellite country believed to be either Rumania or Yugoslavia crashed in northern Georgia late last night, strewing debris over half the state.

Residents report finding bottles of unlabeled rancid red wine, herds of splattered goats, dirty shawls, and weird musical instruments. Busted huts and skin tents blocked highways in at least two sections of the state, and dozens of middle-aged men in inexpensive gray suits had to be removed from TV antennas after Georgians complained of poor reception.

A protest has been lodged with the Russian embassy, and investigators are proceeding to the area to see what, if any, cultural contamination has occurred.

Rod McKuen to Manage Cleveland Indians

Cleveland—Poet Rod McKuen has signed a contract to manage the Cleveland Indians for two years, at an estimated \$110,000 per year.

McKuen, who has no experience in baseball and admits that he "throws like a girl," told reporters that he thinks he can turn the team around after several poor seasons. "We were the first team in the majors to have a black manager," a Cleveland Indians representative said. "Now we're the first team to have a homosexual poet orphan for a manager."

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Mideast Last Night

The defense minister (Moshe Dayan) went to Washington after the prime minister (Menahem Begin) had mysterious pains in his chest. The president (Jimmy Carter) was terribly embarrassed when a speechwriter's slip caused him to make reference to a "new perspective" on the Middle East and he realized the one-eyed defense minister had none. The other president (Anwar Sadat) narrowly missed bumping into his old rival in Washington. The Egyptian says he is over his tiff with the two Israelis; but is he really? Watch your newspapers.

Study Reveals Average Swiss 25% More Obnoxious Than Average Mexicans

New York—A United Opinion Poll has discovered that Americans find the Swiss more obnoxious than Mexicans. The survey asked 3,500 people in a random sample which nationality they found more offensive. The overwhelming majority said the Swiss. This came as a surprise to UOP as Mexican and Polish people had long been the traditional leaders in the category. Probed responses indicated that ill-feelings

against the Swiss resulted from their size, coloration, texture of hair, interest in chocolate, and the belief that the Swiss constitution condones theft of technical and trade secrets. A follow-up survey offered an explanation of why feelings of animosity against Mexicans were in a decline. According to that survey, many Americans realize that if Mexicans were to bother them, they could have them put to sleep.

Highlights of the Month

- April 2
8:30 P.M. NBC. **ATTACK OF THE KILLER POODLES.** A noxious gas blankets opulent Palm Beach and mysteriously transforms miniature poodles into vicious flesh-eaters. Luke: Parker Stevenson. Mrs. Snuffington: Zsa Zsa Gabor. Dogcatcher: Dan Haggerty.
- April 6
10:00 P.M. NBC. **DEAN MARTIN ROASTS PORKY PIG.** Red Buttons, Orson Welles, Peter Falk, Phyllis Diller, Rich Little, and Charlie Callas stop by Dean's place for a quick bite.
- April 11
8:00 P.M. CBS. **ACCIDENTAL ORIENTAL.** Instead of setting longshoreman Terry Monahan's broken nose, an absentminded plastic surgeon cuts his eyes almond-shaped. Terry: Alex Karras. Won Ho: Keye Luke. Sum Gum: Jack Soo.
- April 16
10:00 P.M. ABC. **LOVE PORTUGUESE STYLE.** A fisherman (Arte Johnson) tries to sneak his girl friend (Jo Anne Worley) across the Spanish border in a case of clams.
- April 19
7:30 P.M. CBS. **CELEBRITY MUDFIGHTS.** Live from the Florida Everglades. Tonight's match-ups include Valerie Perrine vs. Pat Harrington, Jr., and Cheryl Ladd vs. Gabe Kaplan.
- April 21
8:30 P.M. NBC. **NUCLEAR FAMILY.** An abandoned baby is left on the doorstep of a SAC air base. Commander Huggins: Edward Asner. Private Lewis: Jimmy Walker.
- April 24
9:00 P.M. PBS. **THEATER IN AMERICA.** "Nobody Slept That Night." Stuart Kreisman's Obie award-winning play about a black militant, a fund raiser for the UJA, and the president of the American Nazi Party, who are forced to share a hotel room during a blizzard. Reggie Jackson, Richard Dreyfuss, and Jon Voight.
- April 28
9:30 P.M. ABC. **HOLY MACKEREL!** Henry Winkler stars as Pope Derek I, a "with it" pontiff who shuns the limelight of Vatican City to live with his lady in a small villa on the outskirts of Rome.

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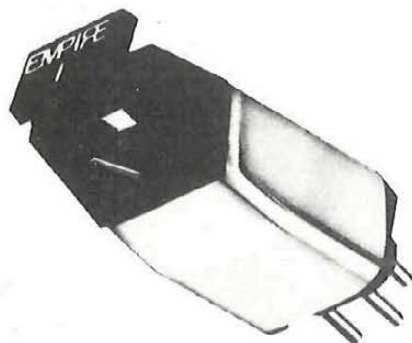
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LETTERS *continued from page 12*

Rumanian postal inspectors, knows of my work with butterflies. Exquisite Lilliputian torments, refined over a lifetime. I am owed a nod.

Vlad "The Impaler" Nabokov

Sirs:

Dead bird, upside-down woman, crocodile eating the sun, hermaphrodite figure with hyena's head, figure with crook beckoning, arm nailed to the Bab Zuweila, snake being whipped by herons, ankh, fig, camel giving birth to a Turkish Janissary, slave carrying a saw.

Well, I'm pretty sure that is what Caliph Hakim would write if he were alive, which, thanks to his sister Sitt el Mulk, he is not. I remain yours, in the interest of fairness,

The Curse of Hakim
Caliph of Al Kahira
Everywhere

Sirs:

All this Egypt stuff has prompted me to write and ask a serious question. I want the truth. Have I lost my charm?

British Museum
London, England

Sirs:

There is so much injustice in the world I think we should make a TV series about it. I've got a friend at NBC, if that's any help. You'd think with all these cop shows it was the other way around.

Dave Fellow
Your Office, Today

Sirs:

I was standing in line waiting for the fucking bus when this fucker walks up to me and asks for change of a fucking quarter. "What do you think I am, a fucking bank?" I said, and he fucked off. Then this fuckface woman next to me calls me a fucking motherfucker for telling the other fucker to go fuck himself and starts fucking screaming her fucking head off. I fucking near punched her. I would have fucking drifted her, too, if the fucking bus hadn't come right then. Turned out she was the other guy's fucking sister, and her fucking boyfriend was driving the bus. He was a big fucker, so I got the fuck out of there. Fuck me if I was going to get the fuck beat of of me for a stupid fucking thing like that. Fucking right, eh?

Puppy Blown
Nit Nat Lake, B.C.

Sirs:

This is just an invitation to any

white cells in the Vancouver area to come on over to T. Mann's body, 'cause he's got the flu, and we're getting ready to kick the shit out of some viruses.

Gang of White Cells
Carotid Artery

Sirs:

We are a young, hip couple living on agriculturally useless land in Vermont. We have discovered what we believe to be a new sexual position. We call it the "Visionary Position." Do you think there is a place for us on the payroll? Or the planet?

Bob and Suzi Cuisinart
Shelburne, Vt.

Hey, man:

Like, I don't really get off on all this shit about Hakim the caliph. I mean, this column used to have some good jokes about boogs and coons in it—what happened? Did you shabby dork snorts jam out or what? I really got off on your record, *Is This Dirty or What?* And I want you to keep up the good work now that Flynt has gone religious. So get straight, you donkey jammers, and more of the same, right?

P.S. You never paid me for those jokes I sent in when I was at State a couple of years ago, but after I got washed out by that four-eyed homo prof for having a jack-off contest with Durgan in Poli Sci, I started working in my dad's company, so by next week I might have enough money saved to fly down to the Big Apple and collect. So put some farts in the toaster. I may be down to see ya!

Moonan
Formerly of Animal Dorm
Ohio State

Sirs:

Your great Winkleman was nothing but a lousy queer.

A Citizens' Committee
Washington, D.C.

Dear *National Lampoon*:

We have selected your name from a list of hundreds of magazines because our records show you are of above normal intelligence and income. In fact, you are in the top 5 percent! For this reason, and for a limited time only, we are offering you a chance to send us your magazine absolutely free! Take advantage of this offer now—remember, no magazine as important and successful as yourself can afford to be without readers!

Readers
U.S.A. and Elsewhere

The new Bose® Model 501. It shapes the sound to fit your living room and your music.

The new Bose Model 501 Direct/Reflecting® speaker captures the realism of live music by using room-wall reflections to recreate the balance of reflected and direct sound you hear at a live performance.

At the same time, the ex-

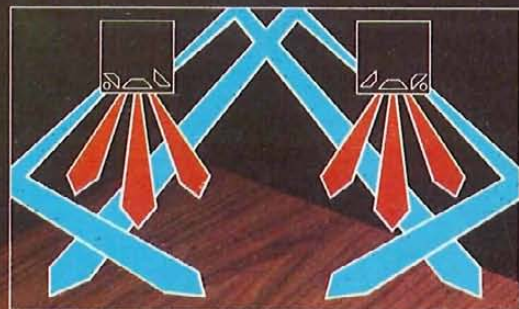
clusive Bose Direct Energy Control lets you adjust the radiation pattern of the outward-firing tweeter for the size and shape of your room, and for your music. Broader, for the sweep of a symphony, or tighter, for the intimacy of a vocalist.

Two extended-range, 3-inch tweeters deliver crisp, clean highs, while the high-performance 10-inch woofer produces very deep, powerful bass with practically no distortion. And an innovative Dual Frequency Crossover™ network lets tweeters and woofer play simultaneously over more than an octave, for smooth, open midrange.

Hear the new Model 501, the speaker that shapes the sound to fit the way you listen to music, at Bose dealers now.



The Direct Energy Control lets you adjust the radiation pattern of the outward-firing tweeter.



The Model 501 speaker is designed to create a life-like balance of reflected and direct sound.

BOSE
Better sound through research.

For a detailed description of the Model 501 and the technology behind it, send \$1.00 to Bose Corporation, Dept. PVN, The Mountain, Framingham, Mass. 01701. You will receive a full-color Model 501 brochure, a 12-page owner's manual, and a copy of Dr. Amar Bose's article on "Sound Recording and Reproduction," reprinted from *Technology Review*. Cabinets are walnut-grain vinyl veneer. Patents issued and pending.



DON'T INTERRUPT LIFE'S GREAT PERFORMANCES.

With the new AKAI GXC-730D, great moments in music aren't shattered by those not-so-great moments in cassette rewinding and flipping.

Instead, a bi-directional GX record/playback head allows you to play both sides continuously. Automatically.

But the fact that the GXC-730D is the most versatile front-loading cassette deck on the market is just the beginning. It's also loaded with some pretty fantastic features.

Like Dolby* and AKAI's exclusive Automatic Distortion Reduction System (ADRS), Memory rewind.

Pause control. Separate right and left channel record level controls. Soft touch, direct function operating controls. Peak level indicator. Illuminated VU meters. And all the specs you'd expect an AKAI top performer to deliver.

Hear it at your dealer's. Or for more information, write to the address below. The AKAI GXC-730D. Dedicated to the proposition that some of your performances are just too good to interrupt.

AKAI

*Dolby Labs, Ltd.



ART COLLECTORS:

For an 18" x 24" reproduction of this Charles Bragg etching suitable for framing, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. NL, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224, ATTN: Lovers.

BOOK I... CHAPTER 4

AS THE TEARS JERK

by E N O S



See Ringo and his car on his first television special—April 26, at 9:00 p.m. (Eastern) on NBC.



IF YOU WANT RINGO'S CAR YOU'LL HAVE TO WIN IT FAIR AND SQUARE.

Ringo Starr's immaculate '57 Chevy hardtop customized by George Barris is up for grabs.

HOW YOU CAN WIN.

Just walk into any participating Craig dealer and sign up. If you don't win the car, there are over 1,000 other prizes you may win.

But hurry, the sweepstakes closes May 10.

WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE.

It's everything you'd expect. It features Craig's newest In-Dash Cassette AM/FM/MPX Radio with a digital

readout that doubles as a clock when the radio is off. Plus Craig's new 72 Watt

Powerplay[®] amp, with less than 0.5% THD and graphic equalizer, and the revolutionary Trans-Rib[®] speakers.

Naturally your Craig dealer will be happy to show you the system without the car.

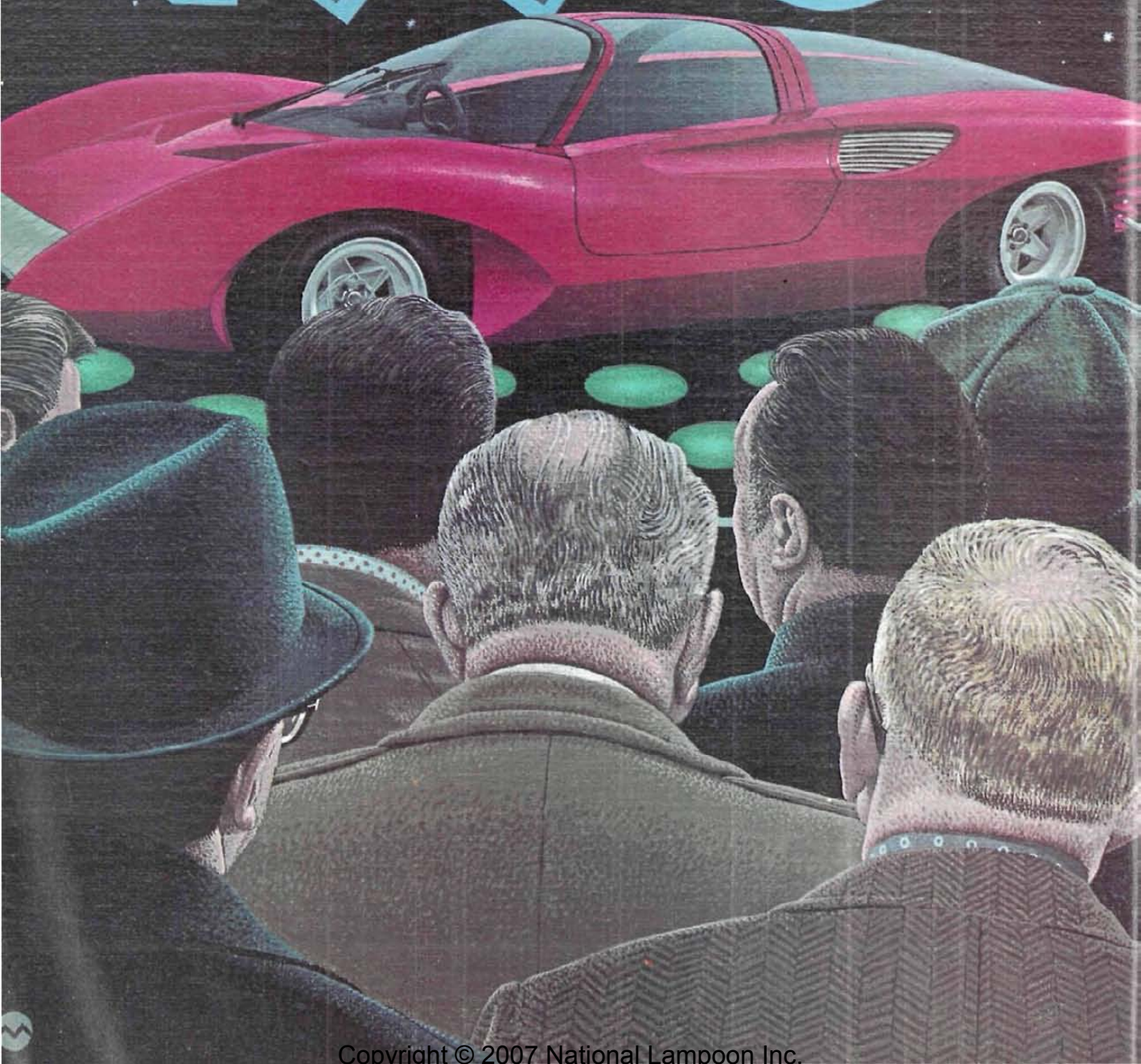
All you have to do is walk into the store. And who knows, you may be riding home.

CRAIG[®]

SEE YOUR PARTICIPATING CRAIG DEALER FOR FULL DETAILS AND ENTRY FORM.
NO PURCHASE REQUIRED. VOID IN MISSOURI AND WHEREVER PROHIBITED BY LAW.

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WELCOME TO 1975



By three in the afternoon, the weather had turned chilly, and after four hours on line in the March air, Ralph's body was numb down to his P.F. Flyers. He blew on his hands and stamped up and down on the asphalt. But he didn't really mind the cold, for he was almost at the gilded doors of the great Park Avenue hotel, almost on his way up the escalators to the three floors of hypnotic fascination that awaited him there....

"Whaddaya hear they got this year at the Futurama, Ralph?"

"Lennie, that's the fifteenth time you asked me," Ralph snapped at his younger cousin. He swore briefly at the malevolent fate that had brought his mother's sister and her brood over to his house on the very Saturday he had planned to spend touring this once-a-year extravaganza.

The line had reached the hotel entrance, where three young men and three young women in bright red blazers guided the throng to the escalators to the Grand Ballroom, carefully segregating them from the affluent hotel guests. As he and Lennie rode up the escalator, a prerecorded voice greeted them.

"Welcome to the 1955 General Motors Autorama. Your first look at the exciting new models, plus a million-dollar look into the cars of 1975 and beyond! Kindly keep to your right, and please hold firmly to the handrails. Remember, every ninety minutes, a free stage and screen show in the Grand Ballroom Hall of the Future! Welcome to the 1955 General Motors Autorama...."

"You think they'll let us sit in the cars, Ralph?" Lennie was asking while tugging on Ralph's New York Yankee warm-up jacket. "You think they'll let us sit in the cars?"

"Aw, knock it off, Lennie," Ralph said, as a flush crept over his face. In his own bumbling way, Lennie had managed to touch the secret desire of Ralph's fourteen-year-old heart. For seven years he had come to this hotel, shivering in the wind or drenched by rain, and for seven years the dream had eluded him: *just once, to slip behind the wheel of one of those shiny new cars, aromatic with the smell of steel and rubber and leather, to feel the steering wheel and automatic shift, perhaps even to find his way into one of those Dream Cars of the Future....*

Dragging his younger cousin by a snot-stained sleeve, Ralph walked into the huge alcove of the Chevrolets. Each division of GM had its own dis-

play in one of the oversized meeting rooms or alcoves that surrounded the Grand Ballroom, and each year Ralph followed the same route: from the low-priced Chevies, through Pontiac and Oldsmobile, to Buick, then to the Cadillacs, before entering the Grand Ballroom and the display of the Dream Cars of the Future.

Lennie went to pick up the free brochures as Ralph slowly began walking around each model. The cars were shiny new, and bathed in lights which made them gleam with a mirror gloss. At each model, a woman sprawled on top of the hood, or lounged languidly by a door. The women wore long gowns, low cut, and their breasts were like the bumpers of the new Cadillacs.

The Autorama

by Jeff Greenfield

Ralph longed to be inside one, to feel the soft, supple seat, as he caressed every inch of the custom-fitted interior.

He glanced around. No one was watching him peering inside the two-door Chevy 120. Moving quickly, Ralph opened the door and wriggled inside the automobile. He was just about to sit down when Lennie came running toward him.

"Ralph! Ralph! I got the booklets you—hey, Ralph! You can't sit inside there!"

Dozens of heads swiveled to stare at Ralph, who tried to shrink down inside the automobile. It didn't work. Ralph felt a huge hand seize him by the shoulder and drag him through the open window of the door.

"Whaddayoo, a J. D. punk?"

Ralph stared up into the worst face he had ever seen. It was red with rage; the eyes were rheumy, bloodshot, wide with anger as they bulged out over the fat checks. The teeth were bared in a rictus of pure anger; the broken blood vessels across the nose looked like a road map. The man wore a blue peaked cap atop his horrible face, and a stained jacket stretched across his bloated belly with an insignia on each shoulder reading *Pinkerton Security Force*.

Ralph squirmed in the grip of the security guard.

"I asked if you was a J.D. punk, punk," the guard growled.

"I wasn't doin' nothin'," Ralph

mumbled.

"Yeah, yeah," the guard sneered. "I'm lettin' you off this time, but I catch you messin' around with these cars, I'm takin' you in and there'll be a J.D. card right on your butt." The guard let Ralph go with a shove that propelled him halfway down the corridor.

"Jeez, Ralph," Lennie said as he came up to the shamefaced youth. He held a foot-high stack of colored brochures and pamphlets in his arms. "I got all the stuff, like you wanted."

"Come on, moron, let's check out the Pontiacs," said Ralph with a glance over his shoulder.

For the next forty-five minutes, Ralph and Lennie toured the exhibits of automobiles, occasionally peeking into one of the many entrances to the Grand Ballroom where the Dream Cars of the Future were waiting. At each display, Ralph loaded Lennie with every pamphlet that wasn't nailed down, until Lennie's face was completely covered by an armload of printed material. It would give Ralph many nights of pleasure to read of compression ratios, horsepower, wheelbase lengths, and prices.

Several times during their tour, Ralph was almost tempted to slip inside one of the automobiles, but each time he remembered the face of the security guard and shuddered. When he came to the new Cadillac hardtop convertibles, with no unsightly centerpose breaking the clean flow of the roof from trunk to hood, Ralph's desire to get behind the wheel was almost uncontrollable; only stark fear of being branded a juvenile delinquent forever in the annals of the Pinkerton Security Force restrained his impulse.

And then it was time.

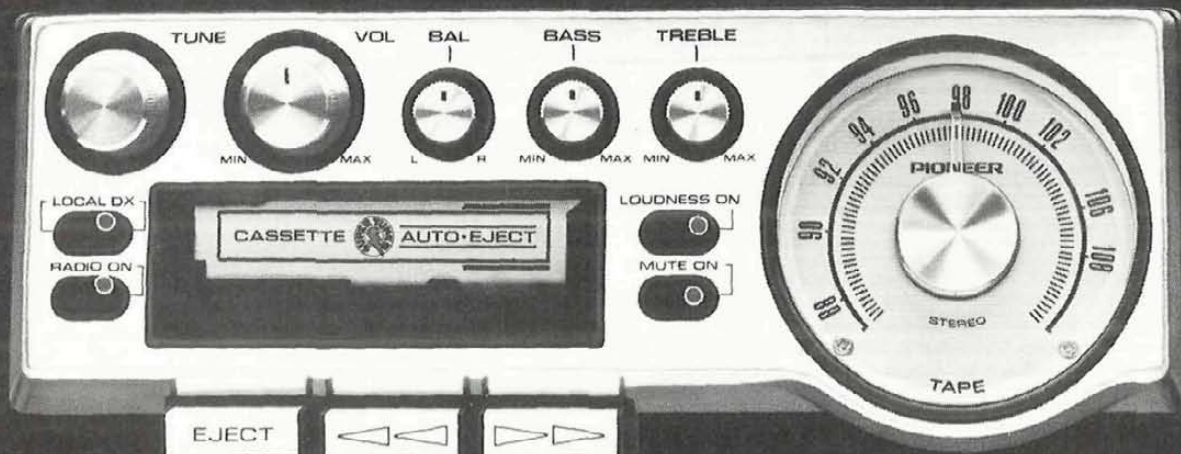
His heart beating faster, Ralph approached the main entrance to the Grand Ballroom. The crowd inside stood almost shoulder to shoulder, for, as in every year, this exhibit was always the most popular of the entire Autorama. A glittering electric sign arched above the entrance, spelling out: "Welcome to 1975!" Ralph grabbed Lennie's arm, almost jostling free several hundred pamphlets, and pushed him ahead like a wedge to part the crowd.

"Where are we goin'?" Lennie whined.

"To the future," Ralph replied. "Let's go."

They entered the Grand Ballroom, and found themselves pushed up

continued on page 87



PIONEER ANNOUNCES THE SAME, NEW STUFF.

About two years ago, we introduced this.

The first *Supertuner*[®] car stereo in the world. With FM useable sensitivity of 1.1 μ V, selectivity of 74 dB, and a capture ratio of 1.7 dB.

And to this day, no other manufacturer of car stereo has caught up with it.

It pulls in stations like no other car FM. It gives you a stronger signal, for better sound. It comes with audiophile features like FM muting, to eliminate noise between stations. Loudness contour, for rich sound even at low listening levels. Separate bass and treble. And, of course, a built-in cassette deck.

For us, the *Supertuner* is an old friend.

But, for others, it seems to

be unattainable technology.

And how could we attain it when others couldn't?

Because Pioneer is one of the most respected audio manufacturers in the world. With superb design capability, engineering expertise, and manufacturing ability.

Obviously, you get the benefit of all that leadership no matter which Pioneer products you buy. From our simplest tape decks to our incredible, new car-component *Supersystems*.

So, why not give Pioneer a listen at your dealer's?

And don't let a small budget hold you back. Some of our affordable old stuff represents newer technology than other people's unaffordable new stuff.

SUPER TUNER[®] BY PIONEER.

Pioneer Electronics of America, 1925 E. Dominguez St., Long Beach, CA 90810.

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"I hear the footsteps of a client on our stairs, Muffin," observed my good friend Soames. "A small client, to be sure, but as important a one as presently exists in all of Europe!"



"Nonsense, Soames!" I answered, somewhat huffily. "My ears may not be quite as sharp as yours, but I really fancy they're up to..."



"Permit me to introduce myself, Mr. Soames," said our visitor.

"Do not trouble yourself with the formality, Your Highness. Of course I recognized you at once, but until this moment I was unaware of your passion for Doberman pinschers, nor that you had only recently returned from a lepidopterological expedition to Brazil!"

The Adventure of the Fifty Percent Solution

by Gahan Wilson



"Pray tell me the nature of your problem," said Soames.

"It concerns my brother, Mr. Soames, a brother whose very existence has up to now, and with considerable difficulty, been kept from the general public. He is missing, Soames, along with certain state papers which could precipitate international disaster were they to fall into the wrong hands!"

"If you are speaking of the Alsatian Submarine Treaty, as I assume you are—"

"Good heavens, Soames, you are a wonder!" interjected our client.

"—then we have a problem of singular gravity. Tell me more of your mysterious brother, Your Highness."

"We tend to unique extremes in our family, and my brother, like myself, is decidedly no exception. However, whereas I am noticeably on the smallish side, my brother is, on the contrary—"

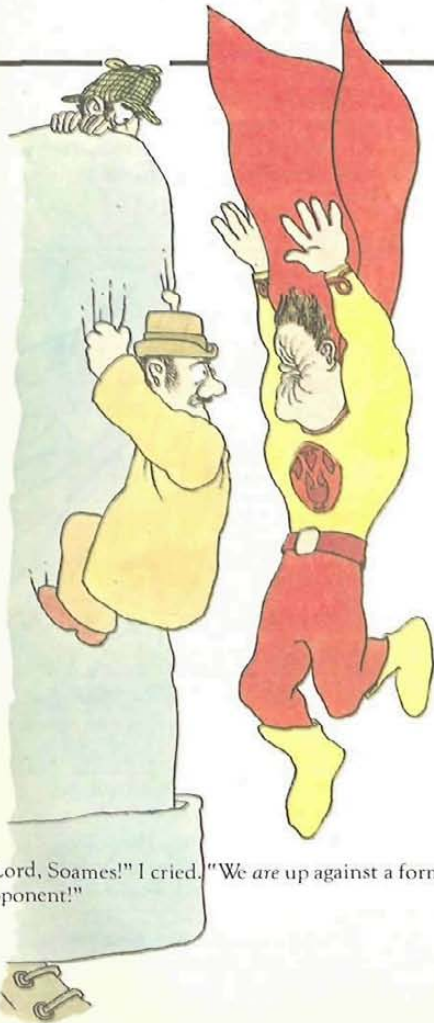
But our distinguished guest's reply was tragically broken off when a large portion of our ceiling fell upon him, crushing him to a pulp.



"A pity His Highness was unable to speak further," observed Inspector Lestrade. "We might have had something to go on!"



"A case of this importance will be bound to attract many specialists in crime, Muffin," observed Soames thoughtfully as we stood in a wide, low depression before our lodgings. "And they are likely to be drawn from both sides of the law."



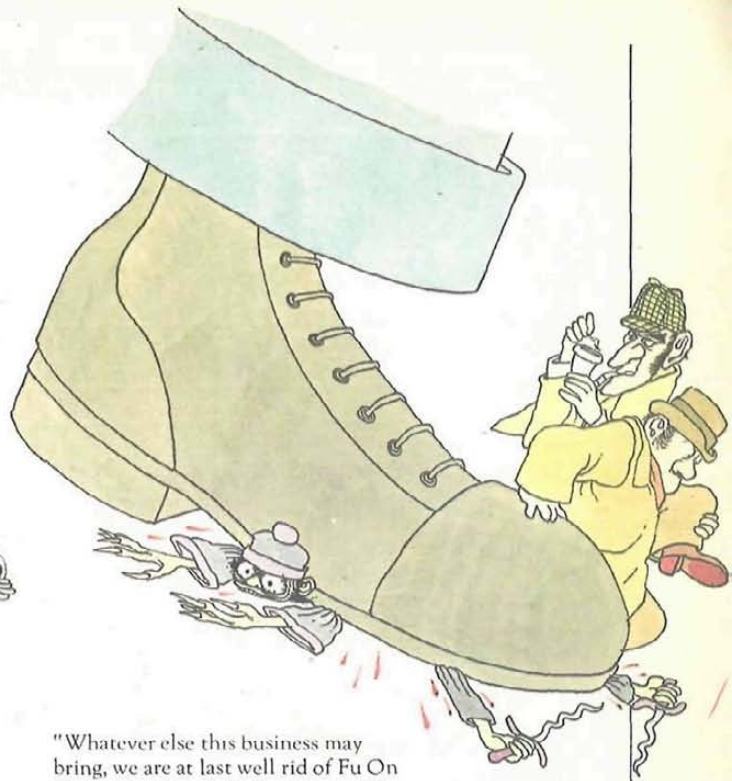
"Good Lord, Soames!" I cried. "We are up against a formidable opponent!"

"A fitting end for Professor O'Moriarity," observed Soames grimly.



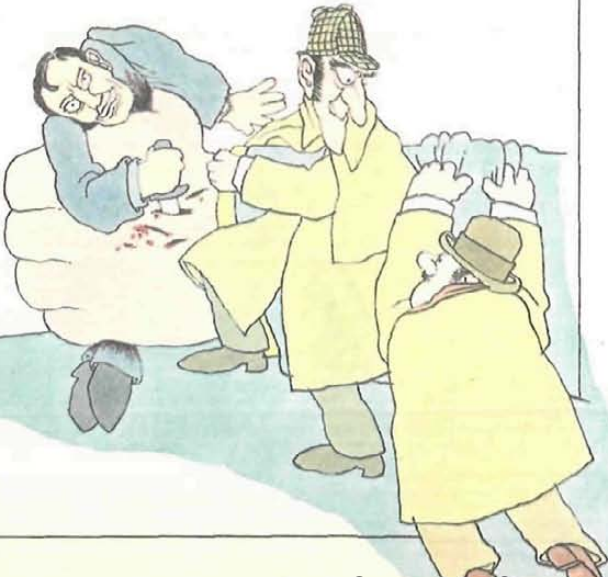


"I see, for example, that the American vigilante, Cramstom, has tried his hand in the affair, and found his power to cloud men's minds of small avail!"



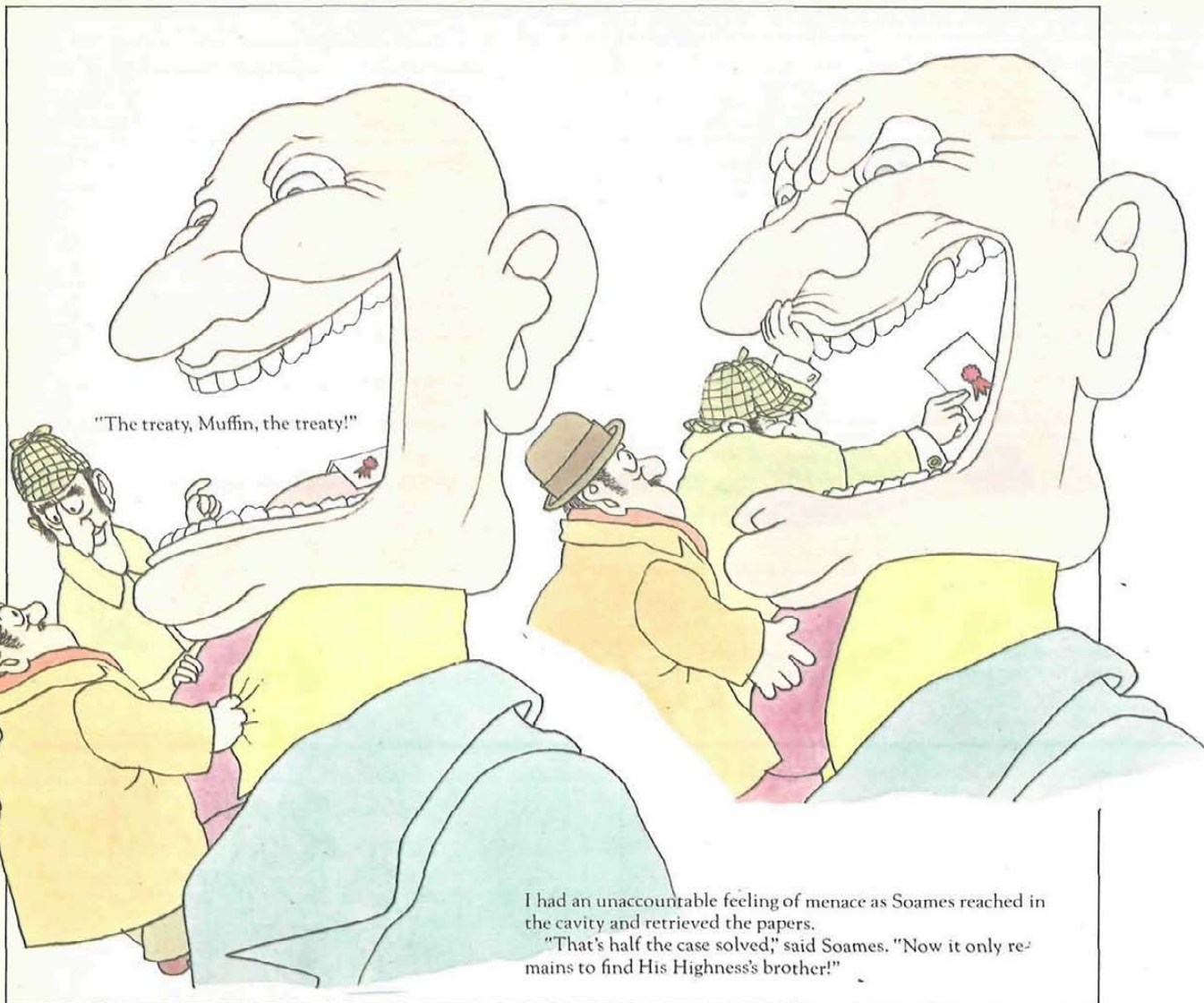
"Whatever else this business may bring, we are at last well rid of Fu On Yu and his ghastly Sufi cutthroats!"

"I might have known agent .007 wouldn't let the side down without a terrific struggle, Muffin!"



We paused silently before the ghastly sight of the famous investigators Sammy Chan and Charles Spade, skewered on a jeweled, golden shaft.

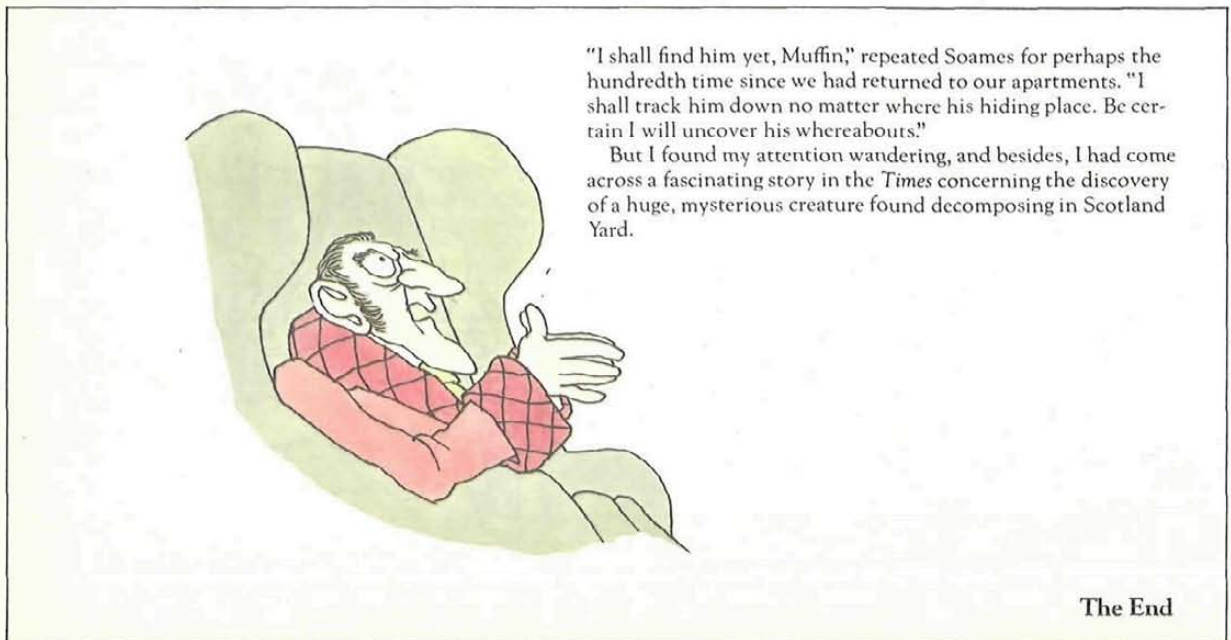
"We cannot be far from our goal!" whispered Soames.



"The treaty, Muffin, the treaty!"

I had an unaccountable feeling of menace as Soames reached in the cavity and retrieved the papers.

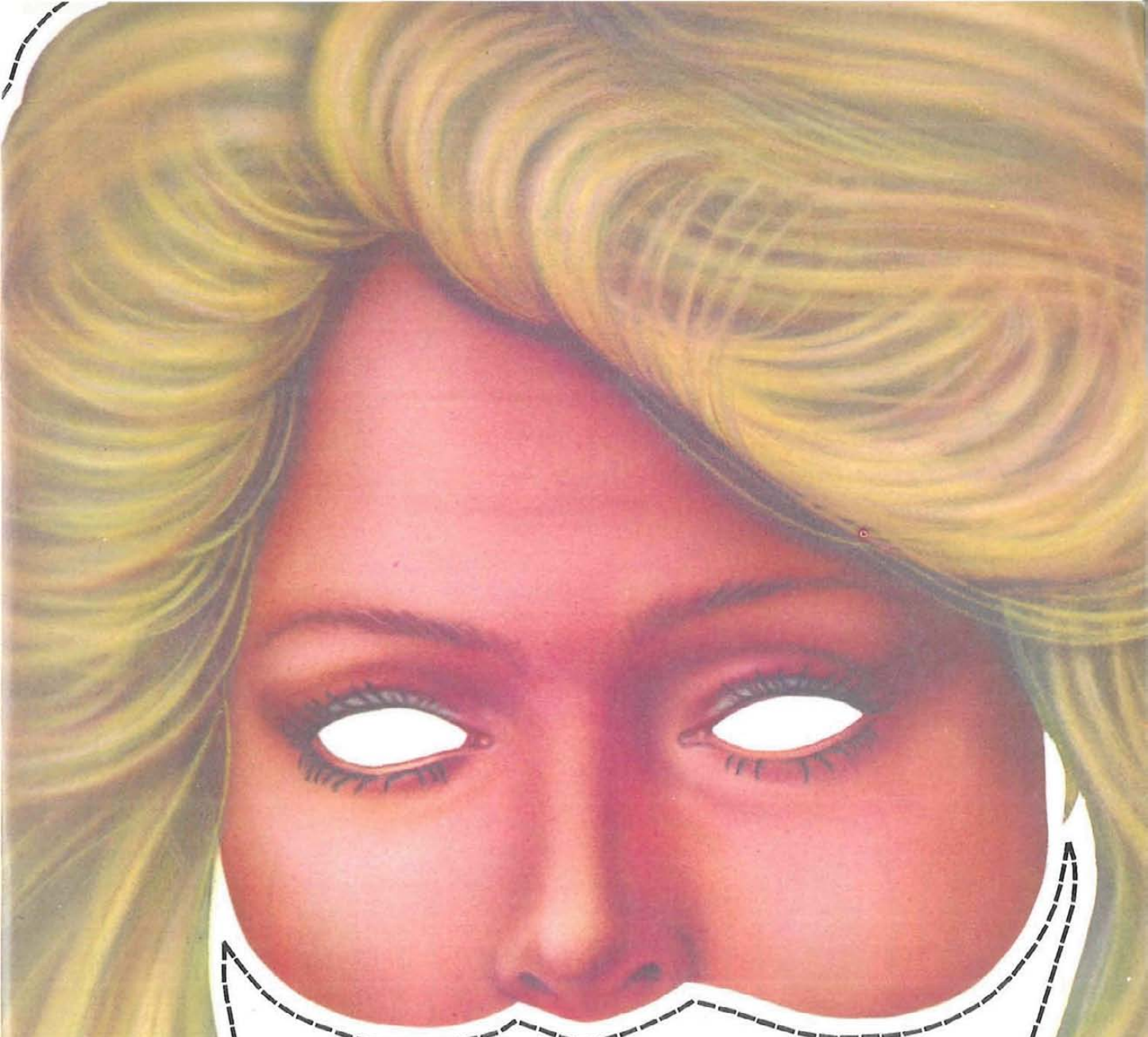
"That's half the case solved," said Soames. "Now it only remains to find His Highness's brother!"



"I shall find him yet, Muffin," repeated Soames for perhaps the hundredth time since we had returned to our apartments. "I shall track him down no matter where his hiding place. Be certain I will uncover his whereabouts."

But I found my attention wandering, and besides, I had come across a fascinating story in the *Times* concerning the discovery of a huge, mysterious creature found decomposing in Scotland Yard.

The End



Combating the New Monogamy

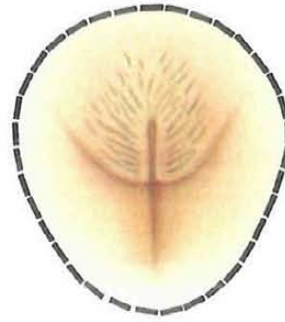
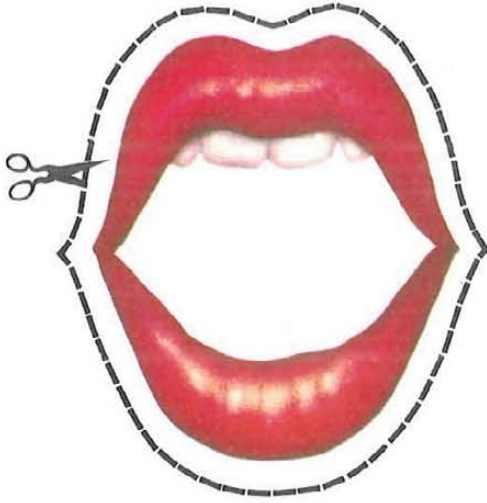
by P. J. O'Rourke

Have you noticed the current rarity of the ziplless fuck? Well, it's the boring New Monogamy. Quel bummer. I don't know what happened to all that sexual liberation that was sweeping the country, but it's gone. And crying won't bring it back.

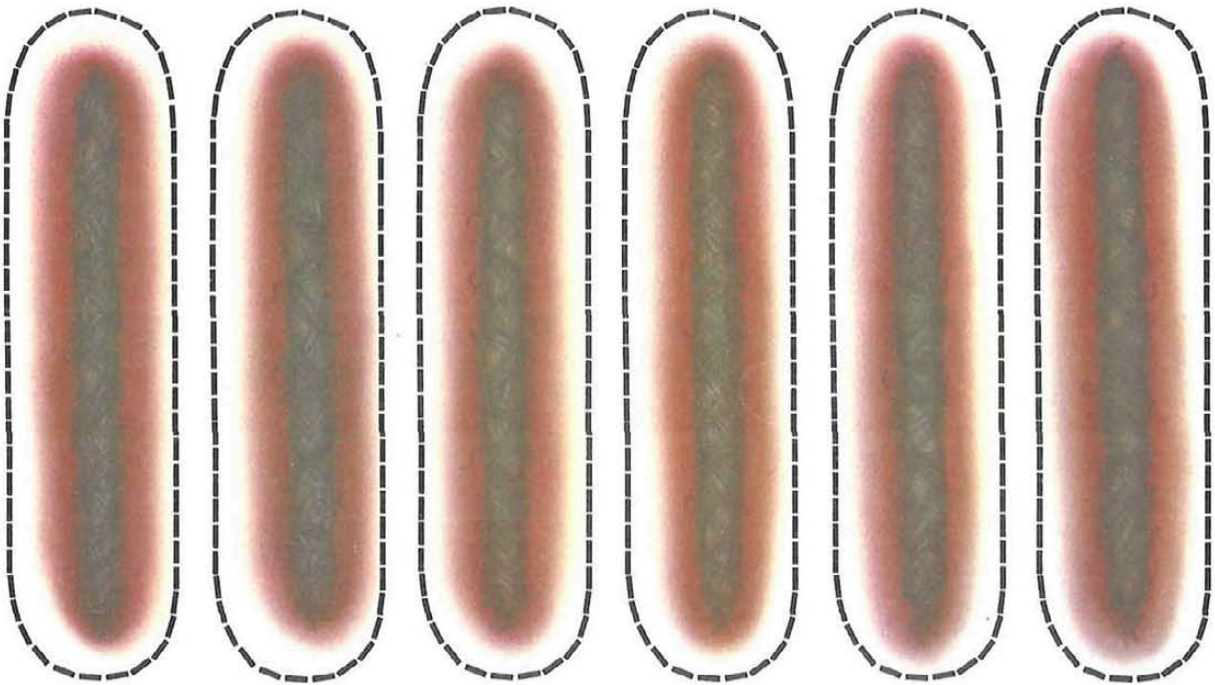
What can you do? You can pretend. And here are some aides d'imaginer. Have a nice life.

Above: Attractive mask. It looks attractive, and so will the little woman when you slap it on her face. Bonus hint: try it on yourself. Wheee! Consult the Hite Report for how to size panty hose.

Oral sex. How soon they forget. Once a staple of the American love life, now it's just another issue on the editorial page of Ms. If your wife won't kiss the pickle, have her wear this on her hand, or between her knees, or where the mousehole used to be—you know, where she's got the Holland Tunnel now. Or put it on your own damn hand. It's all in your head, anyway, man.



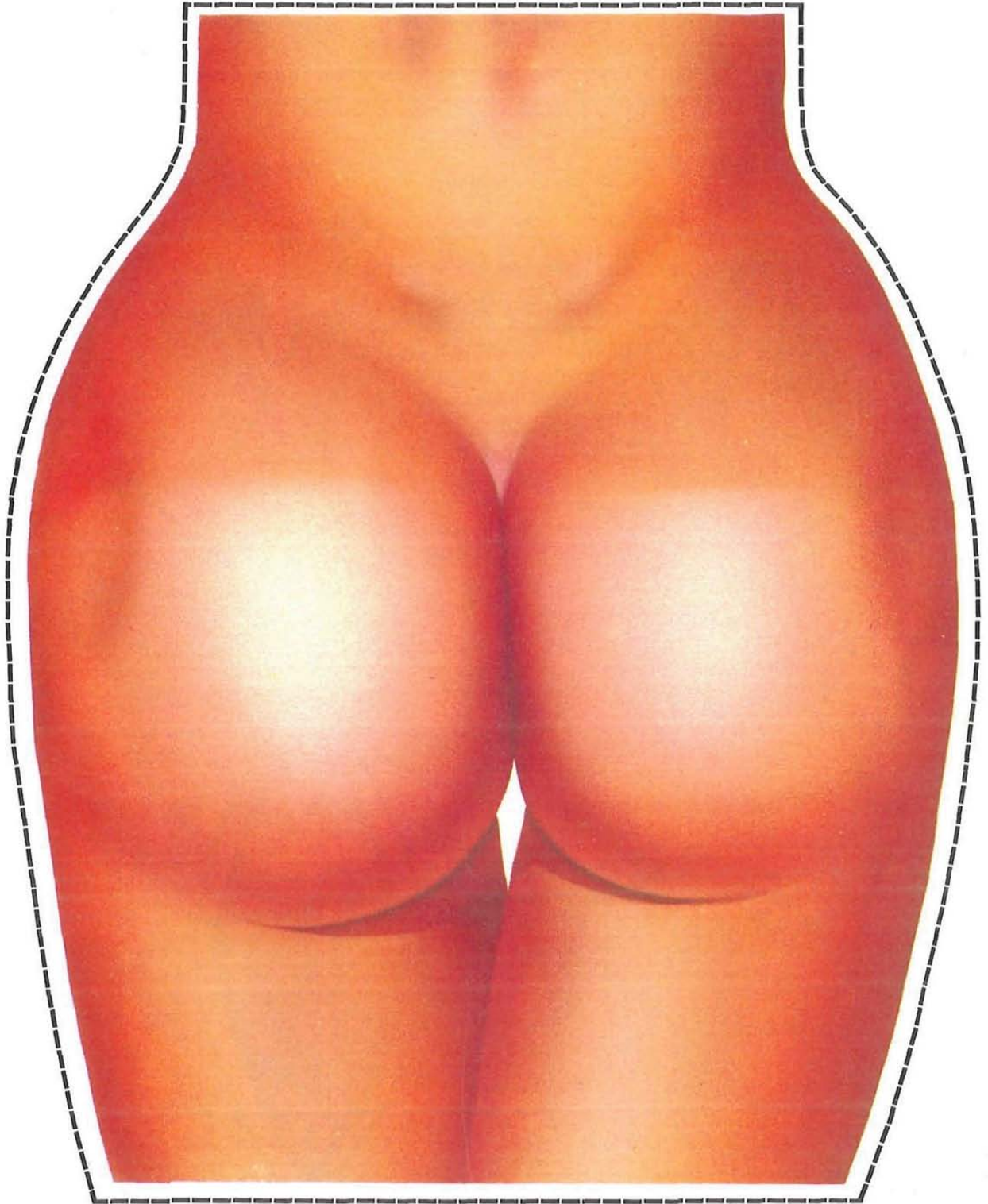
Tiny, practically hairless Oriental you-know-what. Paint your dearly beloved yellow and tape this over the tightest orifice she has. Which is probably an enlarged skin pore if she's as much over thirty as we are.

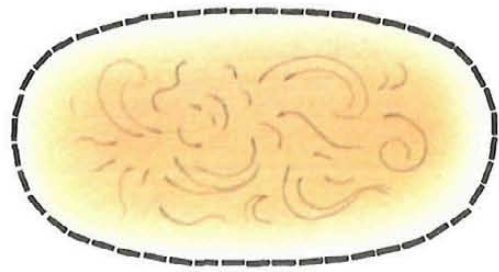
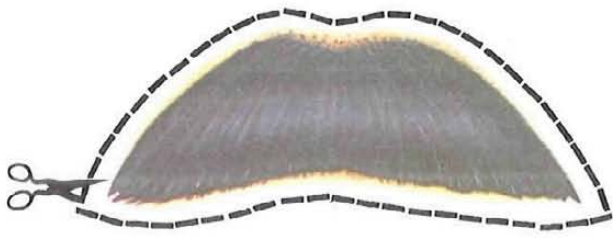


Change your luck. Wait till your better half is deeply tanned (or all dirty), then paste these "corn rows" of authentic Negro hair on her pubic area, head, or under her arms for an experience in inter-racial understanding that's lots cheaper and *beaucoup* less dangerous than the real thing. If it so happens that you're already black, go back and get the mask and buy a sack of Pillsbury's.

A lovely ass. Like the missus used to have before she got manifest destiny in her southern exposure. You can also stick it on her front side and "go Greek" without messy lubricants or bothersome screams of outraged pain. Better yet, put it on her face some night and fantasize a "trio con brio" with some doll who called your spouse up and said, "Les be friends!"

Anyway, use this and it won't matter that the old lady's shaped like Brazil where once there was Uruguay.

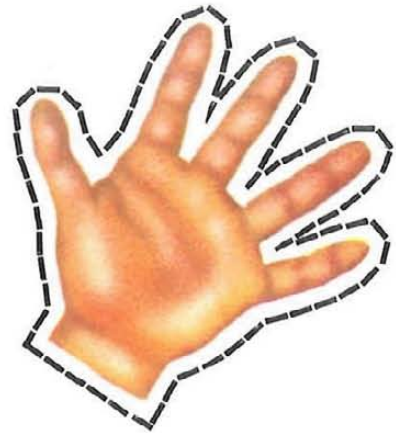




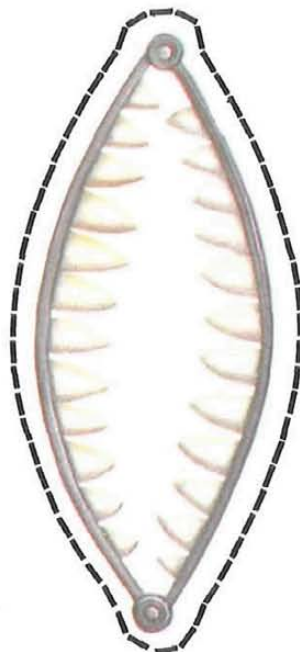
The gay experience. Did you miss out on western civilization's five minute flirtation with bisexuality? Well, you can still "take a walk on the wild side." Here's a moustache and a bunch of hair to sprinkle on Old Alimony Bait. It'll stick just fine in her mudpack. Get out a felt-tip pen and woolly-up the ass on the last page, too. And for added realism, put two peeled grapes in a Bull Durham sack and tie it to her tampon string.



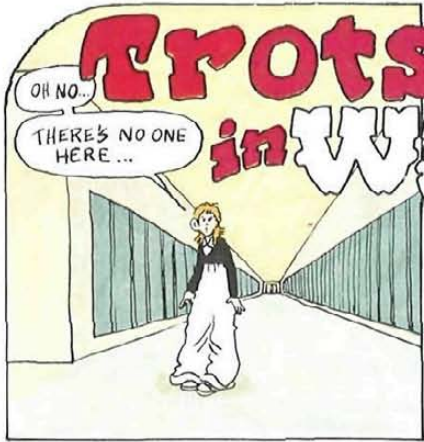
Child porn. Here are two tiny toddler hands. Cut them out and put them anyplace that excites you. But don't tell us what you did with them. We're disgusted by the very *thought* of child pornography. Also, they passed some ugly laws in this state just last week.



Lastly, how about a fling with a real Jewish-American princess? Insert these up the Ball-and-Chain's baby chute; then, toss all your valuables in the trash compactor. (That's what it's like in real life. Ask your accountant.) □



Trots and Bonnie in WHITE FACE





NOW, ACT NATURAL.

IF I AM ELECTED... I GUARANTEE



...CULTURALLY ORIENTED... AN ETHNIC DRESS CODE...
I.Q. EXAMS...
...A LINCOLN CONTINENTAL ... AND A POTTED PALM IN EVERY CLASSROOM!
FOR THE DRIVER'S ED CLASS...

MEANIE!

RAH!

RAH!

MEANIE!



NOT ONLY AN ALL-BLACK FOOTBALL TEAM... BUT ALSO... ALL BLACK CHEERLEADERS...
... ALL BLACK UNIFORMS...
AND THE RIGHT TO BEAR WEAPONS ONTO THE FIELD!

RAH!



WE WILL HAVE BORNESFARM WINES AVAILABLE IN THE CAFETERIA AT ALL TIMES...
AND I WILL REPLACE THE OUTDATED, UNSAFE, AND TACKY YELLOW SCHOOL BUS WITH A FLEET OF CADILLAC LIMOUSINES!!



IF YOU HAVE NOT YET VOTED... THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE.



IF YOU WANT ME TO WIN... MARK X ON YOUR BALLOT, AND DROP IT IN THE BOX...



IF YOU WANT ME TO LOSE... WRITE YOUR NAME ON YOUR LITTLE FINGER... AND DROP THAT IN THE BOX.



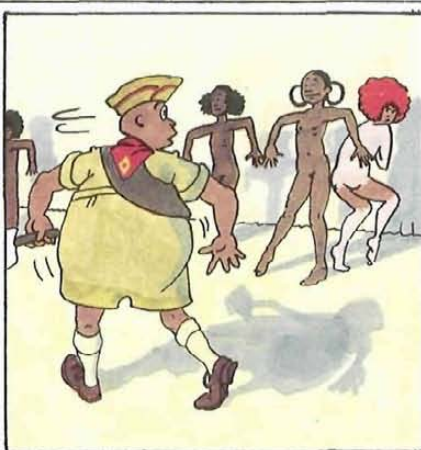
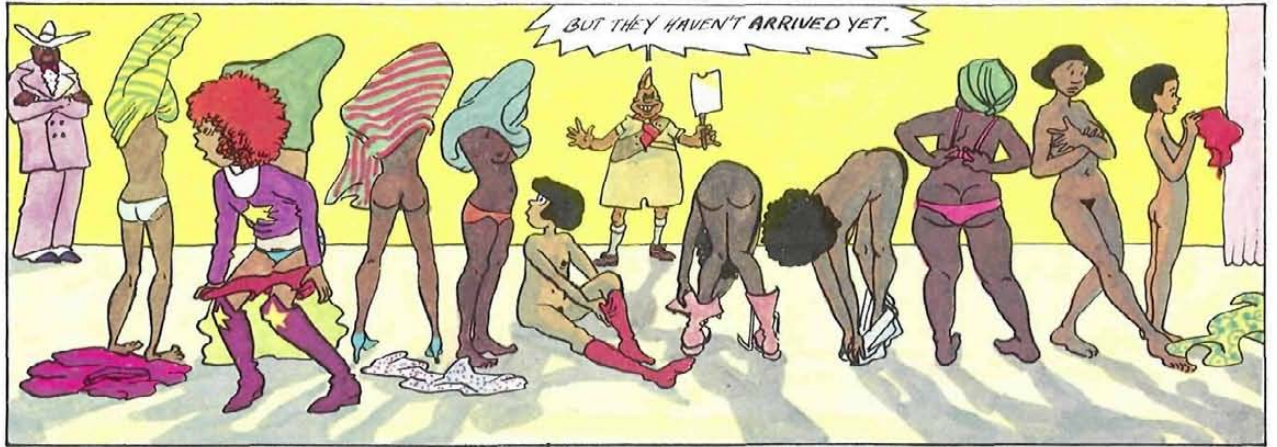
SUUMMO... THE BOX, PLEASE.



OH! IT'S A LANDSLIDE.



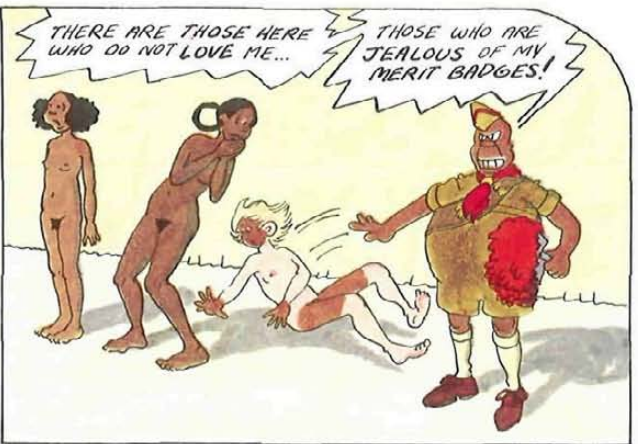
SO, THEN... MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACT WILL BE...





A RACIST SPY!

ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHO SNUCK YOU IN?... OR DO I USE YOUR HEAD FOR MACHETE PRACTICE?!



THERE ARE THOSE HERE WHO DO NOT LOVE ME...

THOSE WHO ARE JEALOUS OF MY MERIT BADGES!



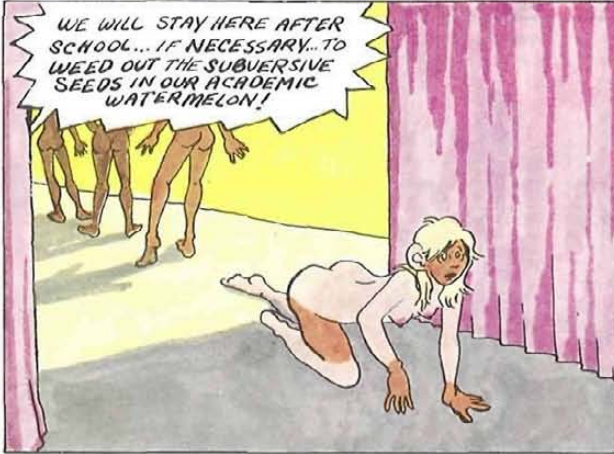
THOSE WHO WOULD PREFER TO RETURN TO NORDIC RULE...

...TO CONSERVATIVE CLOTHING AND SMALL COMBS!



TRAITORS ARE MALIGNANT TUMORS IN OUR STUDENT BODY?!

THEY CANNOT BE CURED!... THEY MUST BE ELIMINATED!



WE WILL STAY HERE AFTER SCHOOL... IF NECESSARY... TO WEED OUT THE SUBVERSIVE SEEDS IN OUR ACADEMIC WATERMELON!



'LOOKS LIKE YOU LOST.



Wow! IT SEEMS REALLY PEACEFUL.

DID YOU NOTICE THERE'S NO RACIAL UNREST HERE TODAY?



YEAH... WHERE'S ITTY MEANIE?

I HEARD HE TRANSFERRED TO A SCHOOL WITH A BROADER POWER BASE.

©ITTY SHARY FLENNIKEN

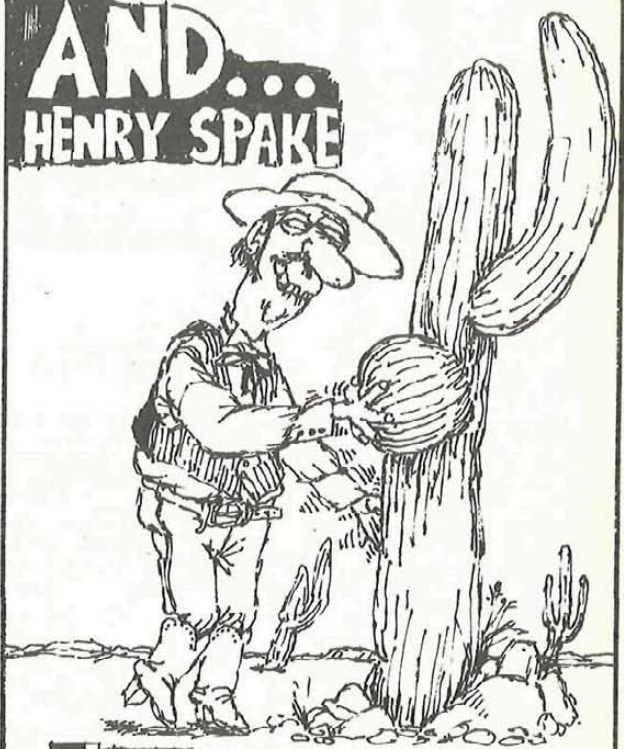
THE AESOP in BROTHERS THE OLD WEST

STARRING



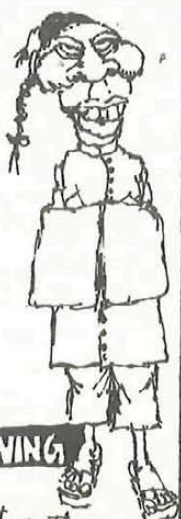
**THE AESOP BROTHERS
SHERIFFS OF
DAPHNE et CHLOE GULCH!**

AND... HENRY SPAKE



**HENRY FOOLS AROUND
WITH A BUXOM CACTUS.**

Poo Wing



Poo WING

*Just another
clunk - what can
I say?!!!*

Tim

**CRIPPLED
NEWSPAPER
BOY WHO
DELIVERS
PAPER TO
Poo WING**



**DEFORMED LEG
CONTINUED ON
PAGES 102-103**

'Kitty'



**GENUINE
GOODYEAR
WELT**

**KITTY ACTUALLY
CHARGES ONE CENT!**

**JUAN GUZMAN
ONE OF MANY SPICS
LIVING IN
DAPHNE et CHLOE
GULCH**



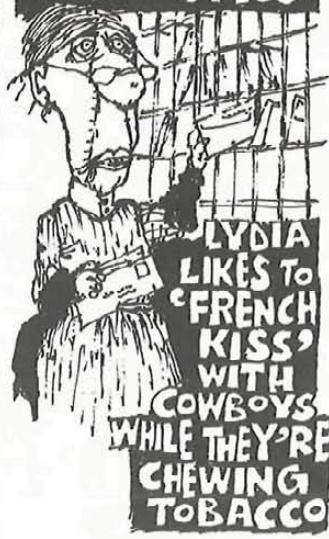
**SEE HOW
THEY ARE? →**

ALSO...



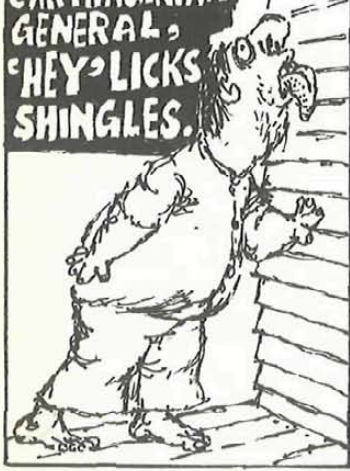
ROBERTA
SISTER OF
'KITTY' THE
'TART'
IS TARTER!
SHE PAYS
YOU!

LYDIA
SWAAN
DAPHNE et CHLOE
GULCH'S
POSTMISTRESS.



LYDIA
LIKES TO
'FRENCH
KISS'
WITH
COWBOYS
WHILE THEY'RE
CHEWING
TOBACCO

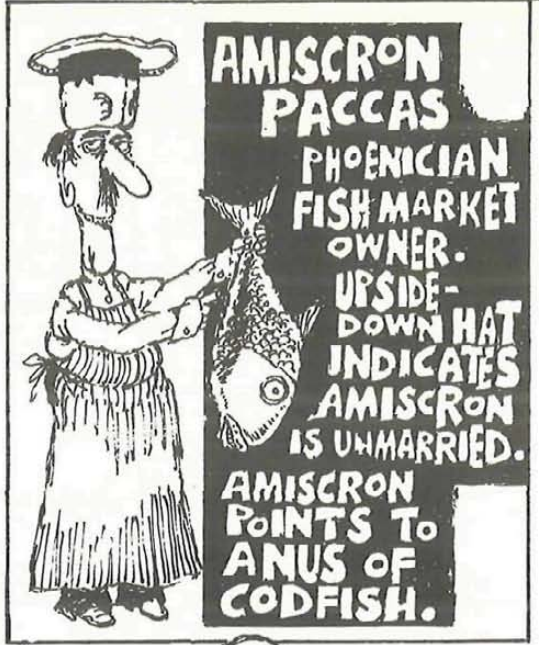
'HEY' CALISTUS.
ILLEGITIMATE
SON OF A
CARTHAGINIAN
GENERAL,
'HEY' LICKS
SHINGLES.



'OLD BILL' AND HIS FAITHFUL EMU,
'LILY'



OLD BILL HAS
BEEN PROSPECTIN'
THOSE HILLS
FOR FORTY YEARS
AND ALL HE'S GOTTEN
IS LILY PREGNANT.



AMISCRON
PACCAS
PHOENICIAN
FISH MARKET
OWNER.
UPSIDE-
DOWN HAT
INDICATES
AMISCRON
IS UNMARRIED.
AMISCRON
POINTS TO
ANUS OF
CODFISH.



BRUCE
IS QUEER.

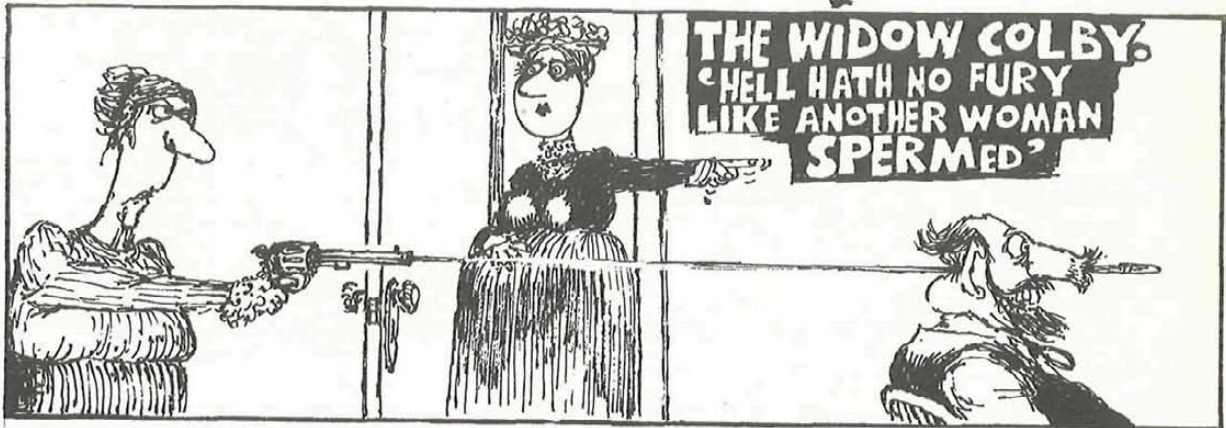


'KNOCKO'
MORIARTY
IS NOT IN THIS
STRIP!

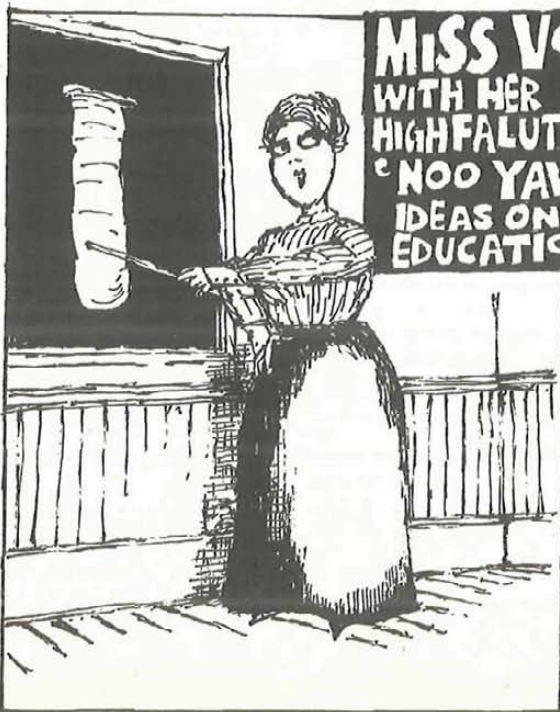
THEN TOO, THERE'S...

'DOC'

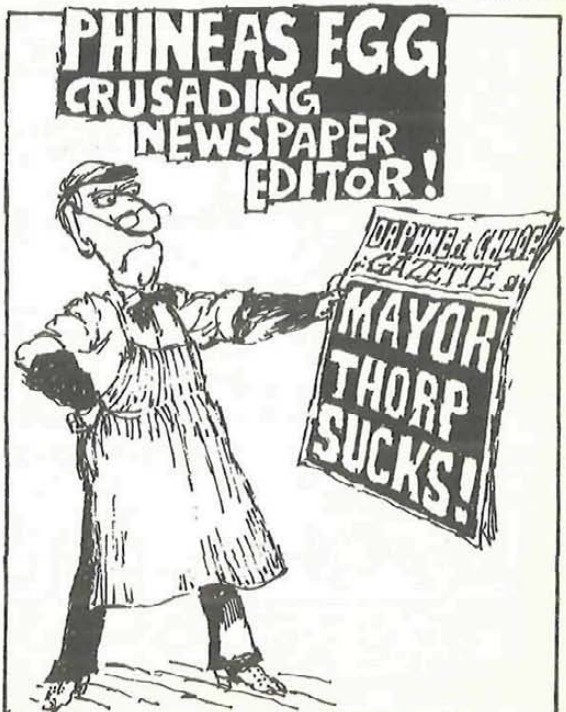
KICKED OUT OF THE NEW JERSEY
MEDICAL SOCIETY FOR MOLESTING
PATIENTS UNDER ANESTHESIA.
'DOC' SKIRTS MEDICAL SOCIETY
AND MOLESTS PATIENTS
WITHOUT ANESTHESIA.



THE WIDOW COLBY:
'HELL HATH NO FURY
LIKE ANOTHER WOMAN
SPERMED'



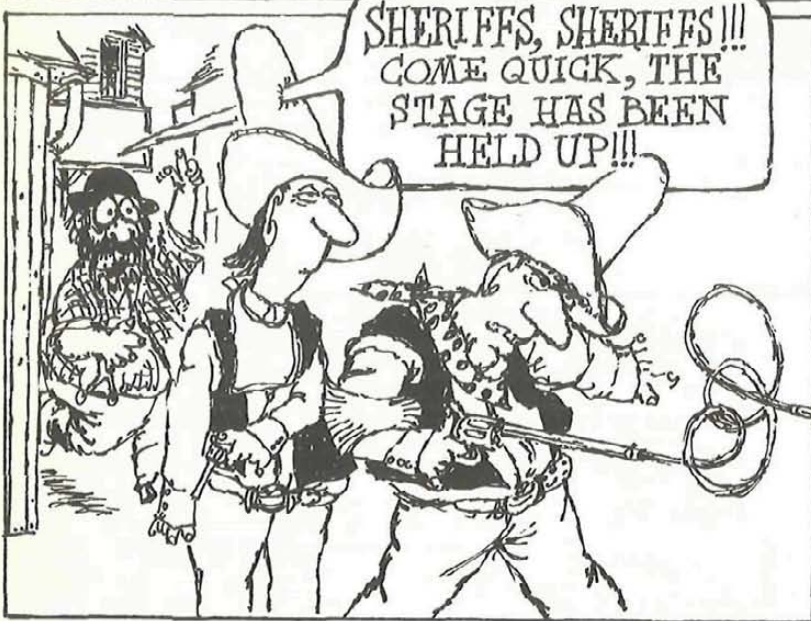
MISS VOGT
WITH HER
HIGHFALUTIN'
'NOO YAWK'
IDEAS ON
EDUCATION!



PHINEAS EGG
CRUSADING
NEWSPAPER
EDITOR!

AND NOW, OUR STORY...

SHERIFFS ALEX AND GEORGE AESOP, SIAMESE TWINS ARE PRACTICING TRICK SHOOTING WHEN...



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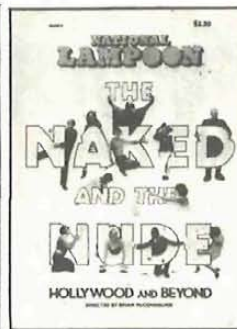
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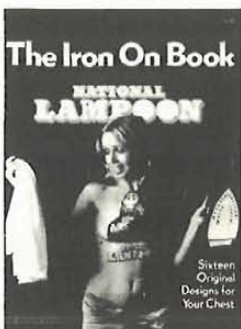
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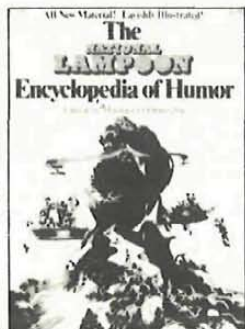
National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt (TS1019) \$3.95



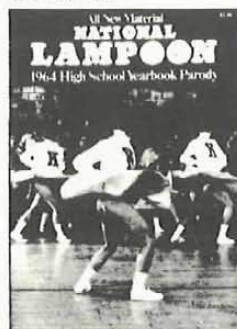
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The Best of National Lampoon, No. 3 (BO1003) 1973 \$2.50



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Christopher Browne



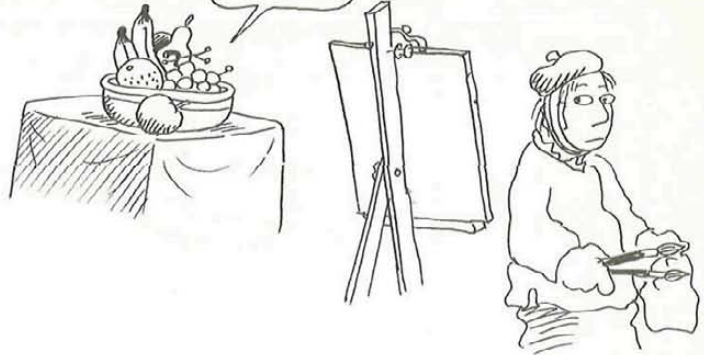
Salami swimming upstream to spawn.



IT'S JUST THE MIME WORKERS ON STRIKE!

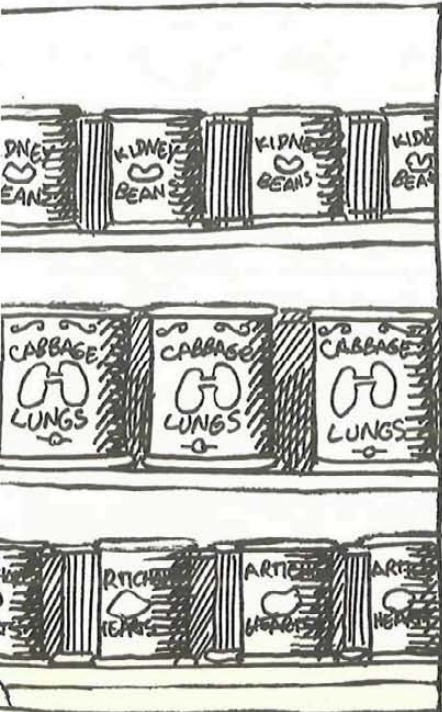
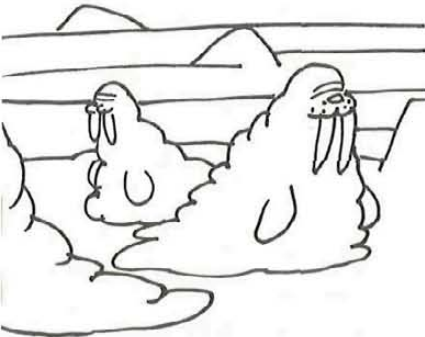
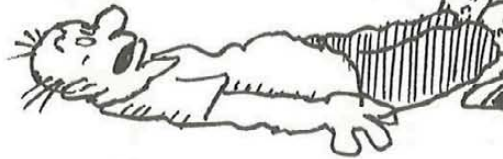


CAN WE MOVE NOW?

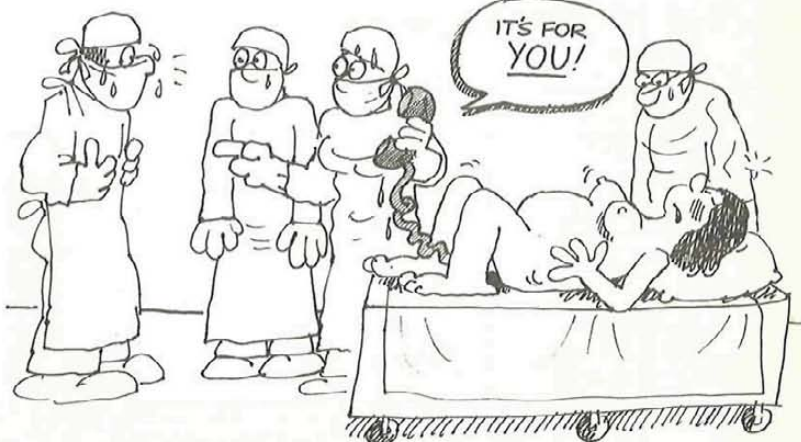


Van Gogh begins to question his sanity.

I ASSURE YOU, OFFICER. I AM NEITHER DEAD, DRUNK, NOR LOITERING. I AM MERELY ONE OF MANY PEOPLE IN THIS GREAT LAND OF OURS WHO HAS REJECTED THE CONCEPT OF VERTICAL LIVING IN FAVOR OF THE MUCH MORE NATURAL, SAFE, AND, OF COURSE, RELAXING LIFESTYLE OF HORIZONTAL EXISTENCE. WE ARE BUT HUNDREDS NOW, BUT SOON WE WILL COVER THE PLANET LIKE MOSS....



IT'S FOR YOU!



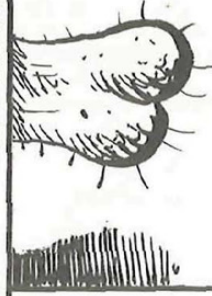
COLONEL BOGEY!

Learn the haunting theme song from
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI
The song that inspired Allied forces to their victory
over the powers of darkness!

HITLER



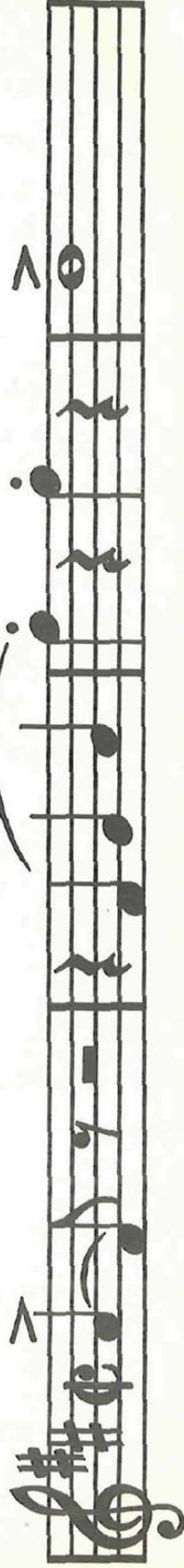
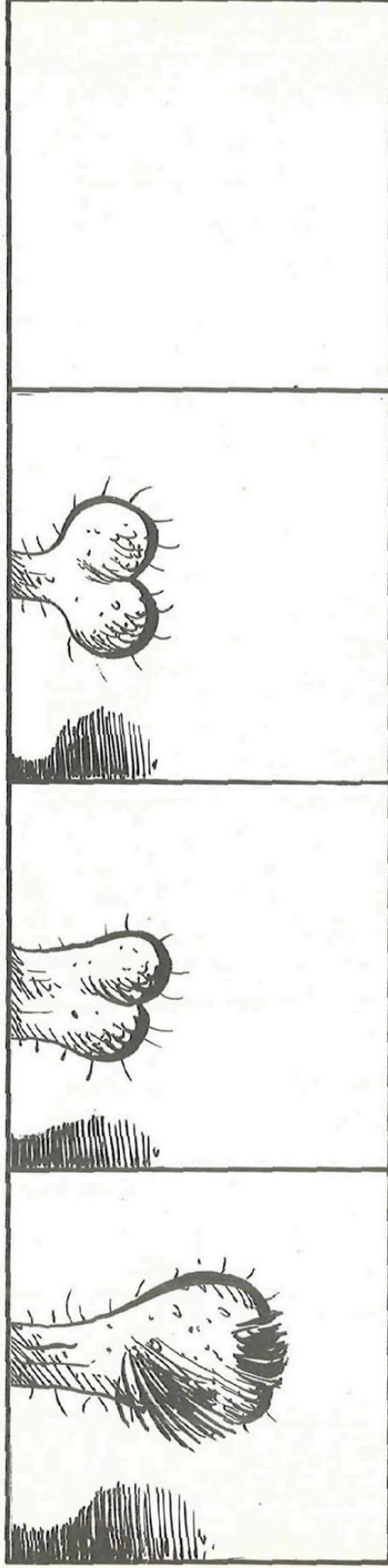
GOERING



HIMMLER



GOEBBELS



Just follow the bouncing ball.

NEW YORK
WERE GETTING
UP AGAIN!



NEW YORK UNKIND?

How do these rumors get started?

by C.F. Carroll

I grew up and live in Arizona, where, as in most smaller, quieter parts of the country, New York City has the reputation of a maleficent, sallow megathug; simmering in a perpetual morass of quasi-human sludge that sucks the juices from strangers, rapes them, takes their money, and dumps them dead on the curbs of major boulevards for the wind to blow away.

However, an ordinary, random walk through the city was more than I needed to discover how terribly misinformed and shallow-headed we out-of-towners can be. Almost universally, the coupled sensations of comity and verve warmed above the sidewalks as alacritous thousands of New Yorkers moved about their various territories; much like a civilization of sparkle-eyed ten-year-olds, all on their way to the movies. I recall, for example, the Port Authority Terminal.

There were individuals from every region of the earth, absent the smallest discernible trace of a care, dressed to please no one but themselves, happily abiding each other despite immense differences in skin color, age, and belief. One poor, dark fellow was hanging from an awning in front of a rather cozy lounge, evidently engaged in some type of outdoor Oriental exercise program as indicated by his extraordinarily intense and very loud screams. Something or someone must have startled him. So much so that he gagged and spit up a hideous, grenadine-red and umber mass of gluey fluid all over the front of his face, neck, and shirt. He later fell to the ground.

I quickly offered to help, but the man was too proud to accept, lying still and quite obviously embarrassed at the feet of concerned passersby who alertly checked his identification and ran to seek help. Several of the unfortunate man's dark companions instructed me to give them money. This was understandable, me being a guest in the community, and their friend being in need of expensive medical attention. One of them hugged me in advance, while the others, no doubt veterans, showed off their proud collection of war trophies—each was enthusiastic about his trophy. Making my way back to the hotel for more money, I thought how lucky the man on the sidewalk was.

Another place I remember clearly was an area by the piers on the West Side, near Twentieth Street, I believe. There I was impressed by the number of big, sturdy, and dedicated truck-driving teams catnapping in the cabs of their vehicles. Rather than leave the trucks unattended and attractive to vandals, the leather-jacketed drivers stayed on duty even though they were not actually engaged in deliveries. One would sit up in the seat and watch for possible vandals while the other rested in his lap (probably dog tired), and sometimes vice versa.

I approached one of the teams to ask directions, quietly so as not to disturb the person sleeping, when all of the sudden the latter had some kind of nightmare and pulled me into the truck. In all of the confusion, my trousers became torn beyond repair, and the man who was keeping an eye out for the welfare of the truck fell on top of me. After unexpectedly choking on a vulnerable part of my abdomen that he was attempting to protect from injury, he gagged and spit up a hideous felt-green and cerise mass of rubbery bile all over the upholstery, dashboard, me, his partner, and himself. I jumped out to clean myself off, but before I could check to see if everyone was alright, the truck hastened away, presumably to have a medical specialist examine him.

A dark pedestrian, frightened by the unsettling sequence of events, clutched me for a brief moment and told me to give him money. Again, I was a guest in his community, and his neighborhood truck-driving pal was plainly in need of costly diagnostic care.

After returning to the hotel for additional trousers and funds, I made my way to Christopher Street. There were hundreds and hundreds of guys everywhere, heartily absorbing each other's company in the grandest "boys' night out" atmosphere I've ever seen. Perfect strangers came up to me and held me, just like the dark people, only more gently; wholly in contrast to the icy, stereotypic New Yorkers I once imagined. One dark person on the scene told me to give him money. I was, of course, merely a visitor to the street, and supposed he might have been an associate or relative of someone in need of expensive medical attention.

I'll not soon forget the affectionate and warm fellowship of the patients at a fresh-air hospital I saw on the Bowery, where in spite of an apparently serious, debilitating flu epidemic that had people confined to the sidewalks, several still managed the energy to assist passing motorists with the cleaning of their windshields. In an entirely self-contained operation, one would spit up a hideous chromium-yellow and sienna mass of oily sap across the surface of the glass, after which another would fall into it and slide off. As I was giving my money to a dark person who was soliciting donations for the hospital, the patients were thoughtful enough to clean my trousers and shoes. Not having any money at this time, I gave them each a Tetracycline.

Nowhere, however, was the heart of New York more in evidence than Spanish Har-

continued on page 78



I found New Yorkers to be a very familiar, touch-oriented people. Nothing homosexual or strange; just an ingenuous love for the embrace—half greeting and half dance. A celebration of life and kinship right in the streets. Too bad about the awful city-wide flu epidemic, though.

A GUIDE TO RESTAURANTS, BARS, HANGOUTS, AND DISCOS

RESTAURANTS

CHIC AND SOPHISTICATED

Le High Haute. You have to make reservations well in advance for the privilege of making a reservation here. Only Class A celebrities are admitted, so you might as well lie and tell them you're Jack Nicholson or Moshe Dayan. The reason you can do this is that the management doesn't really know what the real celebs look like. So the place is usually full of fakes. The prices are insanely high, the staff is impeccably rude in the finest French manner, and the kitchen alternates between mediocrity and food that is downright unpleasant.

Le Ptomaine. The Next Big Thing in New York after *cuisine minceur*. Chef Michel Michelle accidentally discovered *cuisine ptomaine* one day when he served an entire evening's worth of slightly spoiled food (his refrigerator was on the blink and his food was "aging" quickly). The result was that everyone felt slightly nauseous but not totally sick afterward, and talked about it all over town. Since then, Michelle refrigerates nothing. He serves food that is partially moldy, but edible after it's cooked. "The food gives you a beautiful queasy feeling...better than an MSG rush," said noted asexual Renaissance man Andy Warhol.

ITALIAN

Mama Mangia's. There are hundreds of wonderful Italian restaurants in New York, but none is quite like Mama Mangia's. Mama died in 1906, but her spirit lives on in the restaurants her illegitimate sons opened in her name. The name of the game here is *mangia*, which means "eat" in Italian, and you know how those Italians like to eat! We're not going to go into sordid details of how much they feed you here. Remember the Roman orgies? Enough said. How does Mama do it at such reasonable prices (about \$20 for two, including a barrel of wine, after-dinner brandies, cigars, tax and tip)? She steals. That is, robs, rips off, hijacks, or whatever food thievery is called in restaurant circles. No one has ever proven anything, and the delivery truck's losses are your gains.

CHINESE

The Silver Pagoda. The home of haute Mandarin Chinese cuisine, the great banquet fare. An average Pagoda banquet features 304 dishes, eleven of which contain food. The traditional Mandarin banquet served hundreds of empty dishes. Years ago, the great Chinese scholars would

have long, brilliant discussions on what could be cooked and served on them, thus whetting their appetites for the actual food to come.

Hong Leow. The only restaurant in New York that features the cuisine of central China, which is primarily canned food. Surprisingly, the tastiest items on the menu are the cans, which have been marinated in a hot and spicy sauce for months until they're tender and have lost all their metallic taste.

JAPANESE

Pearl Harbor. A colorful, showy place that serves *nashimi*, tiny wafer-thin slivers of raw pork. *Nashimi* chefs perform their slicing art right in front of your table. They commence by stabbing a live pig in the back with their seventeenth century antique *nashimi* knives. Everyone is given a large rubber smock upon entering to catch any flying blood.

Pacific Undertures. The most beautiful restaurant in New York. More a museum, a shrine, than a restaurant. Every dish here is a true work of art. Start your dinner with *shubi*, a beautiful lacquered bowl of warm water with a *gunshu* (serrated pebble) in it. Then order a rock garden for two, which is smaller version of an actual Japanese rock garden, served with moss, Bonsai trees, and a tiny waterfall. For the main course, try *mifune*, a spectacular six-foot papier-mâché tuna.

JEWISH

Chemalya. You can either eat Jewish food or lift it instead of using barbells. Many gyms and health clubs use the *knish*, a doughy, potato-filled concoction, as a unit of weight instead of the regular iron discs. *Chemalya*, which means "a good solid punch" in Yiddish slang, is New York's legendary Jewish restaurant, full of hawk-nosed diamond merchants, drooling Hasidic teen-agers, over-the-hill Jewish princesses and their chubby husbands, and the last crop of sixties hippies, who dine on one *knish*, which lasts them for a week to ten days.

HANGOUTS OF THE STARS

P.J. Hitler's. Rule of thumb for any successful New York hangout: call yourself P.J. something or other. P.J. Hitler's is the brainchild of Walter "Pepi" LeFoy, roly-poly 300-pound restaurateur and one-man doubles team. Decor is (you guessed it) early Berchtesgaden, with striking wall-length pictures of the Fuehrer and his friends in their heyday. Great

hangout for famous anti-Semites. Edgar Hoover and the Dulles brothers drank here.

Teats Shaw's. Hyman "Teats" Shaw is dead now, so we can say anything we want about him. But why would we say anything bad about the most beloved saloonkeeper in New York? Teats catered primarily to the sporting and broad-casting crowd, and his place (now owned by Mel-Mac Modes, a subsidiary of Star-Bright Sales, a subsidiary of TransMafia International) is still going strong. The current owner has hired a perfect likeness of Teats, who greets you at the door with a bone-crushing slap on the back and a gross insult, makes you wait two hours for a table, and then announces that they've run out of chairs and you have to eat standing up. That's the way Teats was if he didn't know you or if you weren't a big time celeb. Rub elbows with the likes of Mickey Mantle, Joe Louis, and Mayor Ed Koch. Howard Cosell has his once-a-month bowel movements here ("It's the only place I can relax," he says).

SINGLES BARS

Fart's. Remember Dingleberry's, which was featured in a *National Lampoon* issue a few years ago? Well, Oliver Dingleberry, the owner, sold his place, and now runs an entire singles country. It's actually a string of islands in the Bahamas that he's leasing for ninety-nine years. Meanwhile, his place was bought by Derek and Desmond Fart, two English brothers who used to manage the Smarms, the famous punk ostrich band that played with their heads in the sand. Luckily, Fart's is unchanged from the old Dingleberry's—the same "up" crowd of mixed media people and hungry girls from Queens who don't wear panties, even in winter.

DISCOS

Black Gold. The best place for dancing, and it's in Bayonne, New Jersey—just a hop, skip, and a one two three, one two three from Manhattan. Black Gold is an almost empty oil tank. You can still smell the stuff. It's unrefined, so you have to get used to it. Lots of room. No smoking.

Fist's. New York's only terminal disco. Owned and operated by Marquis "Mickey" De Sade, self-proclaimed descendant of the well-known writer and madman. You come here to dance and to die at the hands of Mickey's master terminal sex artists. It's for homos only, and the trick is to try to escape from the intricate sexual bondage, torture, and uninhibited dancing. Not for the faint of heart.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE: DIVERSITY IS THE KEYNOTE

New York City stands on an island barely nine miles long and three miles wide, a glorious testimony to Man the Creator's power to forge great symbols of steel and glass, to express his being in the glistening facades and soaring towers that reach upwards like great hands grasping at the sky. Its crowded streets throb with the tribal syncopation of modern life, car horns and blaring radios providing the musical accompaniment to this dynamic urban spectacle. If the great highways and railroads that funnel hordes to and from the heart of the city can be seen as arteries, then the tollbooths are regulating valves and traffic jams are blood clots, and the great structures of Manhattan are giant organs, each playing their part in the maintenance of the whole.

How fitting, then, that New York should have become a center for the arts. Its great steel buildings seem to act as magnets for those with the urge to create, pulling them from their small towns in Indiana and Nebraska, from their formal drawing rooms in London and clerks' offices in Prague, young men and women drawn like so many iron filings across land and sea to the great city, where for generations they flung aside their conventional garb, their ascots and cloth caps, their waistcoats and corsets, and seized up the smock and the palette and set to work, charged, galvanized by the electric atmosphere of New York City.

If the art styles that have been gestated here are too numerous to mention, so too are the varied and often contradictory approaches taken to the practice of architecture. In this extraordinary city, this organic sculptural environment, there can be only one rule to bear in mind as one attempts to find the soul of New York in the study of its visible expressions: diversity is the keynote.

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION



"Perhaps I am especially proud of this erection because so many believed that I could not get it up," wrote John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of the great center in mid-Manhattan that bears his family name.

Possibly, the central tower better expresses the vigor and strength of a still virile city better than any other structure on the island. No such monumental claims could ever be made for the parking lot attendant's booth that stands a dozen blocks from its base, but it is no less suited to the needs of its occupant than the great stone giant. Here the attendant is as supreme as a chief executive, as comfortable as the occupants of the plushiest suite of offices. Here he can work, eat lunch, be sheltered from the elements, and even, when work is slow, indulge in a cocktail with friends: or, should fortune smile on him, pursue romance.

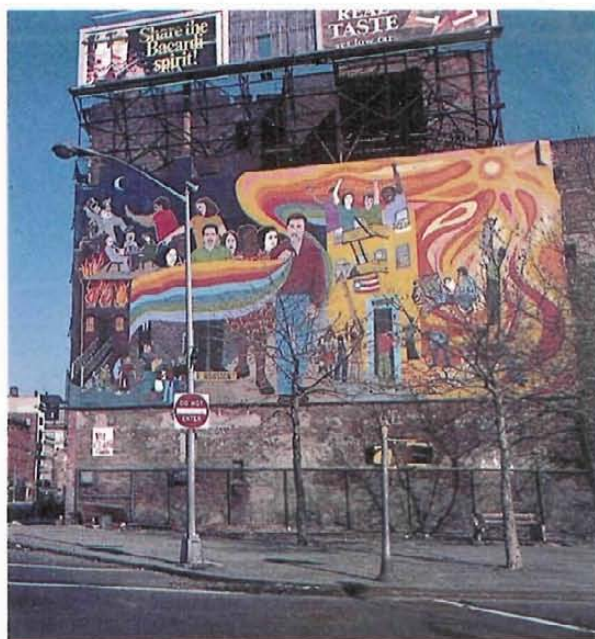
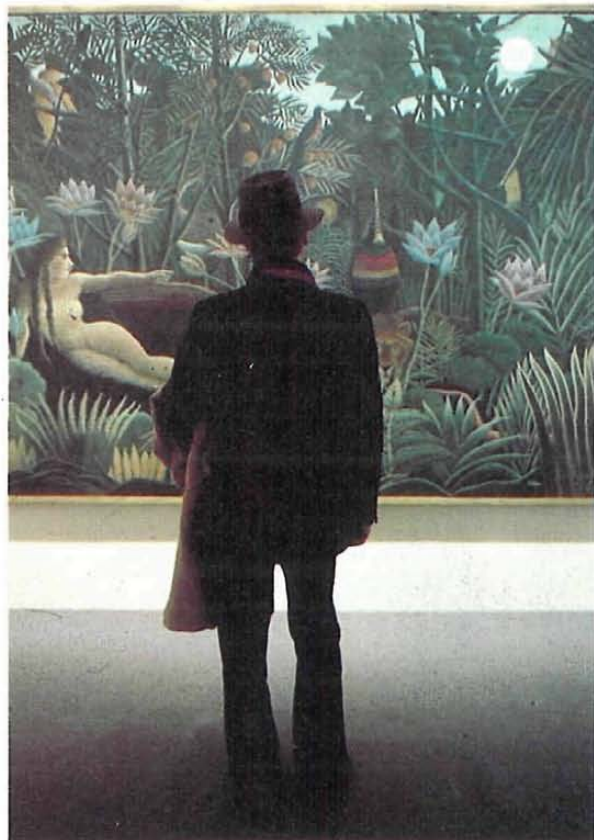


A STUDY IN CONTRASTS



Whether molded by the sensitive fingers of Rodin or by the rough hand of commerce, whether signed by an acknowledged master or the work of the anonymous forces of turmoil and change, each is a unique and distinctive sculptural space. If the rubble-strewn lot is less appreciated by the local folk than the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, perhaps that will change in time, and one day New Yorkers and visitors alike will pay admission to gaze at this Museum of Urban Change. It is a dream, but then, it is in the nature of New York to foster such dreams, to nurture and encourage artistic visions.

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS



For the New Yorker, be he rich or poor, blue blood or immigrant, art is always nearby. The arch-browed aristocrat may pause in reflection before a priceless old master, inlaid teak underfoot and crystal chandelier overhead, but the industrious Chinaman, his back bent under the weight of customer's laundry or noodles for tomorrow's *chow mein*, need only raise his inscrutable visage to gaze on a mural that celebrates the democratic spirit of his adopted city, a city whose unofficial motto might well be, "Art for Everyone!"

SOHO: INDUSTRIAL ARTLAND OF AMERICA

The name means SOuth of HOuston Street, and in the past ten years it has also come to stand for the successful union of art and industry. In fact, Soho turns out so much art that its productivity figures lead the world in gross output.

This year, projections indicate that the art workers of Soho will use more than 24,000 tubes of paint to produce nearly 50,000 paintings in styles ranging from superrealist to abstract, from color field to minimal. Sculptors will use an astonishing 30,000 tons of wood, metal, and other materials to produce sculptures as large as houses and as small as jewelry. Not only will these products beautify the environment; they will be shipped all over the world and sold in galleries and auction houses to bring in much needed revenue to the city.

The facts and figures are important, but the real story of Soho is told in its very streets, where sounds of artistic activity fill the once quiet lofts, sounds of brush on canvas, of hammer on metal, the sounds of millions of man-hours laboring at the task of making art for money for a better New York.



THE NATIONAL LAMPOON FIRST NEW YORK ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHY AWARDS



Third Prize: "Bowery Bums," by Chris Callis.



First Prize: "Immigrants Arriving in New York," photograph courtesy FPG Photographs.



Second Prize: "A Chorus Line," exterior photography by John Barrett. Photograph of the Rockettes, courtesy Photoworld.

BROADWAY MELODY 1978: ALLEGRO CON BRIO FORTISSIMO!

And what about Broadway! What about the performing arts?! What about those kids—they're all kids, Helen Hayes and Noel Coward are kids, Twyla Tharp and Lenny Bernstein and Steve Sondheim and Chita Moreno and Rita Rivera are all kids—what about those kids who slave their guts out twelve days a week learning how to make us smile, laugh, weep, shriek with delight? Yes, who spend a fortune on lessons, lessons, lessons—and then wait tables all night with a smile on their faces and a twinkle in their eyes and hearts full of hope? Who grind their feet into pulp learning to tap, to jazz, to ballet, to modern? Who sing their "mee-may-my-mo-moos" until you want to club them with a tire iron—all in order that, when the Time comes, they'll be Ready? Who spend a king's ransom on acting classes, dancing classes, voice classes, diction classes, dialect classes, on-camera technique classes, movement classes; yes, and what about the nutritionists, hair stylists, showy wardrobes, weird shoes, union dues, and still it isn't enough? Why? Because they love it. Because we love it. *Because we need it.*



Did somebody say serious, experimental avant-garde drama? Look no further than the Winter Palace Theater. Writers Martin Charnel and Thomas Mayhem have taken the best of Gypsy, Oliver!, and Lysistrata, and come up with the definitive children's nude Greek tragedy musical, Oh! Quel Caca! Here, Athenian orphans indulge in fantasies of their ideal lovers prior to taking their clothes off and running around naked.

New York is coming back, and Broadway is coming with her. Broadway: the core of the Big Apple. Brawd-weigh, the life force of Gotham's night life. Brawd-weigh, and what did Marvin Hamish and Ed Klebeland say in their Pulitzer-Papp smasher, *A Chorus!* "I love to sing/I love to dance/And everything/So gimme a chance/And if I cannot/Dance for you/I'll hold my breath/'Til I turn blue." Guess how many young performers actually wept salt tears when they heard this credo—their credo—trumpeted, anthem-like, from the stage of the Shubert



Taking the old and making it new again is Broadway's middle name. Here, Donald (Peter Furth) consoles the Cowardly Horse (Everitt McCall) as the latter laments, "If I Only Had a Mane." It's from The Wheeze, a stage treatment of the classic Wizard of Oz, and it's been SRO for sixteen years.

Theater, hard by deathless Shubert Alley? Go on. Guess.

Of course you can't. What do you know about the performing artist—and not just the song-and-dance kids, but the whole gang of stage folk, here they come, let's watch 'em march past: the musical comedy people, with their legs and throats and all; the several zillion musicians who play everything from "So Sue Me, Nathan, You Goniif, You" (Act 1, Scene 2, *Goys and Dills*) to Debussy's *La Merde*; the dancers, in tutus, in jazz pants cut just so, in ugly wonderful warm-up duds, yes, and all of them ready, when you give the word, to time-step, to *rond de jambe par terre*, to contract their pelvises or just spontaneously fling themselves to the floor—all in an effort to show you why they call it "the dance." And the actors, my god, the actors: weary from reciting, "Speak the speech I pray you/As I pronounced it to you/Trip- pingly on the tongue..." while standing on their heads with corks in their mouths. (Sure it's "weird," but what do you know about training a performer to be on and true and right and honest eight shows a week?) And don't forget the Off-

Broadway experimenters, with their charming "little repertory companies"; and the Off-Off-Broadway crazies, doing German monologues and jumping around screaming, "Orgasm is God!" and, "Marx was a lesbian!" And more, and more. Performing artists. The most important sentient beings in the universe.

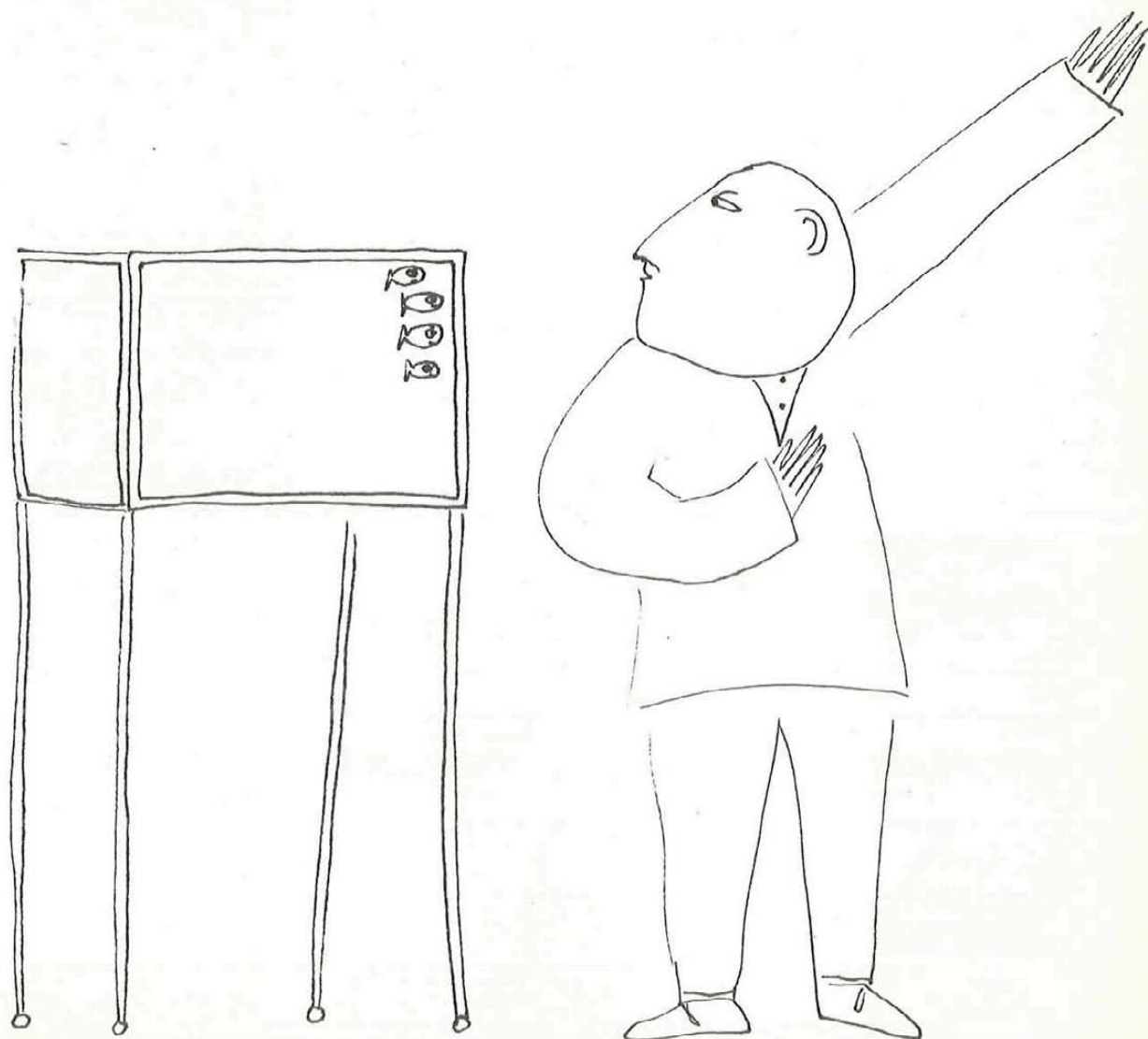
New York is where they live. New York is where they practice what they love to call "their craft." And New York is where you have to be to fully appreciate what they do. Come on. Stand in line for half an hour (will it kill you?) and plunk down your fifteen bucks and see *I Know Why Negresses Jump Out of Buildings/Itz Because They Itz Sad*. Or see Bernie Sludge's hilarious black comedy about a habitual necrophile, *Same Tomb Next Year*. Or the sprightly new musical about mate-swapping, *I Loathe My Wife*. Or catch Beverly Swills at the Met in *La Bazooem*. Or relive the fun and excitement of the sixties with those four songster superstars in an incredible simulation (plus a multimedia recreation of the era) in *Mamas and Papasmania*. There're avant-garde high jinks galore in Richard Fore-skin's experimental, odd *The Abalone People Go Bowling and Get Sleepy*. Or would you prefer Neil Sinaimon's latest confection, *Oy Vey, Am I a Schlamozzle! Suite*.

It's here. It's live. It's onstage. It's for real. And it's all on Broadway, U.S.A., New York, New York.



And then there's the Met. Opulent, extravagant, huge, wonderful: who but the Met could have staged André Sorbonné's stark and minimal interpretation of H.M.S. Pinafore? Above, four British seamen and two "sisters and cousins" answer in choral counterpoint as Robert Merrill sings the favorite "When I Was a Lad." Note daring absence of period costumes.

SON OF RETURN TO THE VALLEY OF THE CAT HAMMERER BY JOHN WALKER

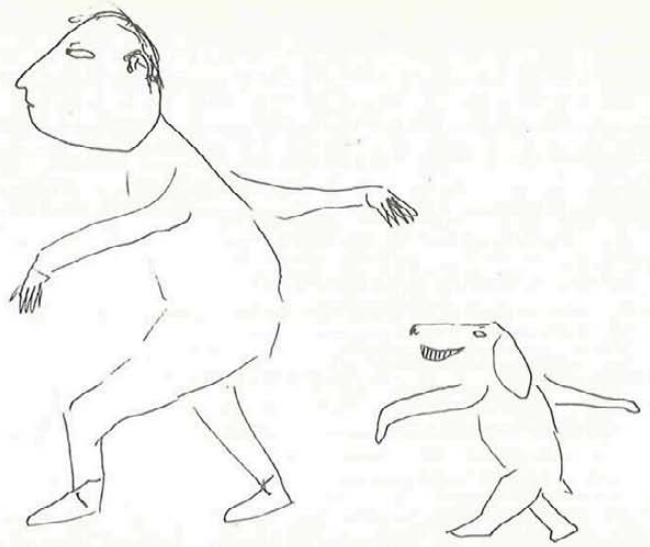


JULIO LARSEN EXPLAINS THE CONCEPT OF "WEATHER."

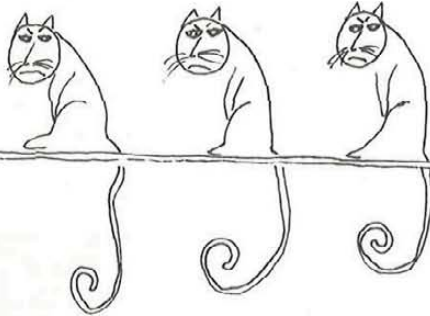
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NATIONAL LAMPOON 61

CONTEST WINNERS
ENJOYING A FREE
DANCE LESSON.



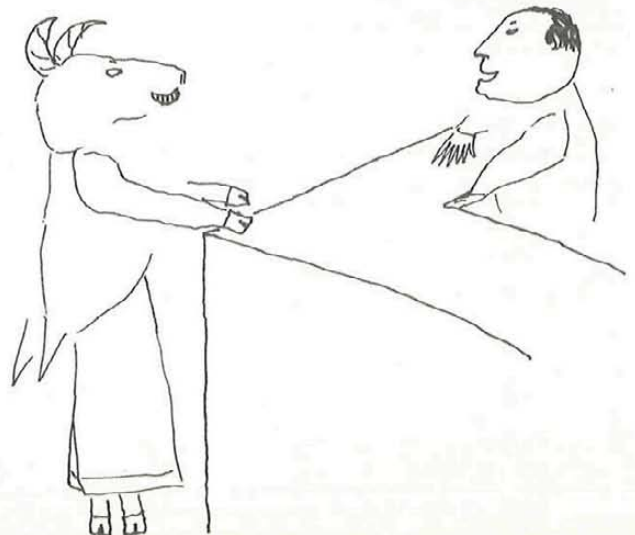
HIT THE
CAT
WITH
THE
BASEBALL

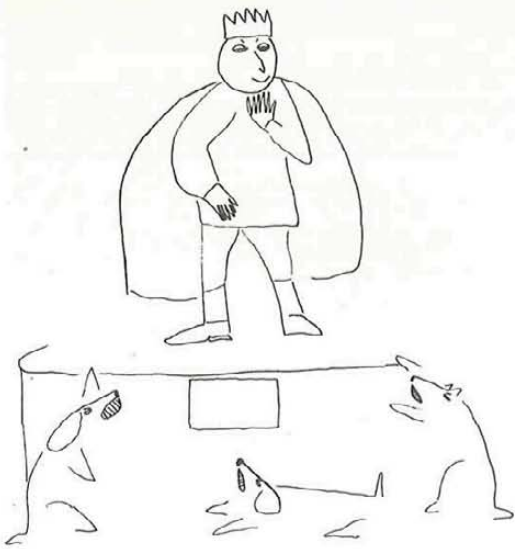


3
THROWS
25¢

CATS DOWN ON
THEIR LUCK.

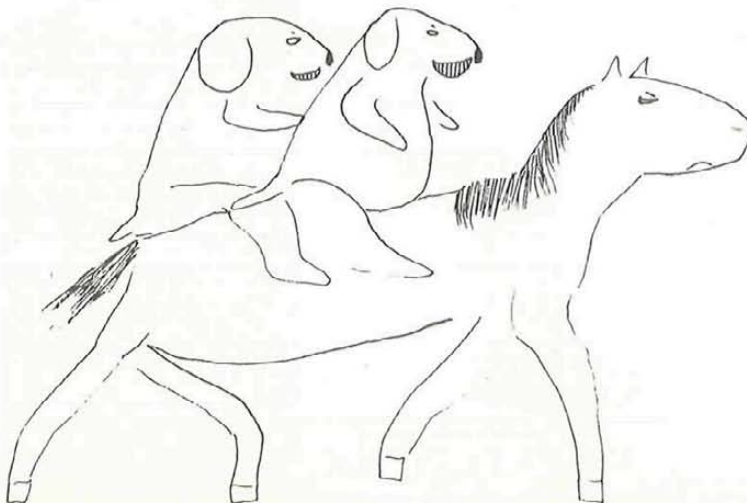
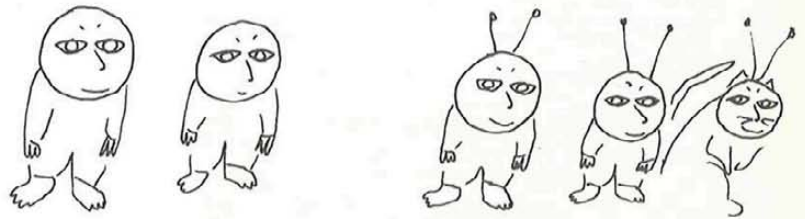
GOAT-BAR OWNER
SERVING HIS FIRST
CUSTOMER.



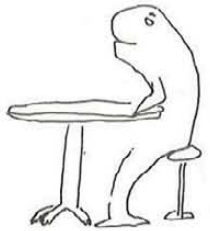
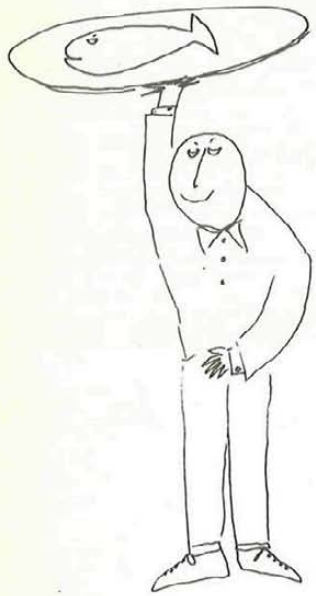


DOGS PRACTICING
FEROCITY ON
A STATUE.

A CHANCE
ENCOUNTER WITH
EXTRATERRESTRIALS.

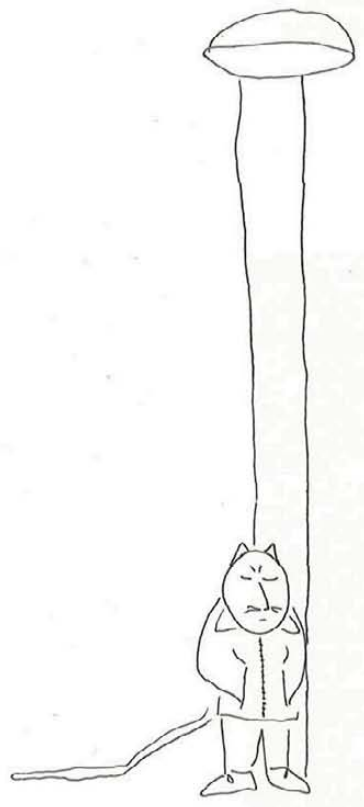


HORSE HUSTLED INTO
GIVING TWO LARGE
DOGS A RIDE TO THE
AIRPORT.

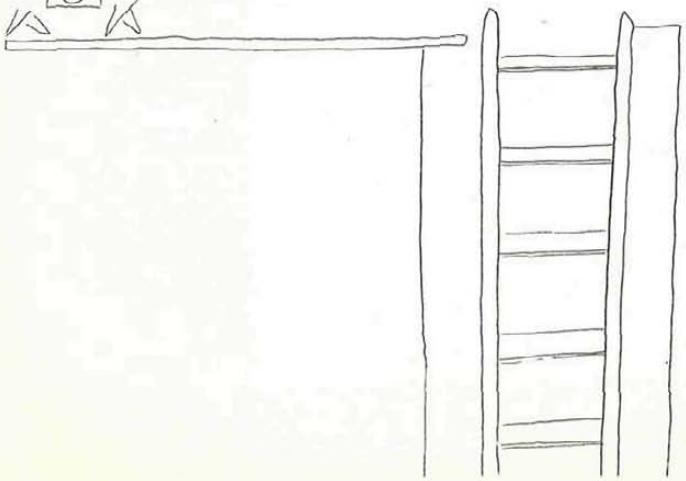


FISH DATING SERVICE.

CAT PROFOUNDLY
INFLUENCED BY
JAMES DEAN.



OLYMPIC DOG
PLAGUED BY SUDDEN
LOSS OF CONFIDENCE.



BIRDS OF IRELAND

By Mann and Meyerowitz

Mann and Meyerowitz, who created the piece before you, wish to acknowledge their debt to Colonel Liam Autobomb of the Irish Republican Army, whose field notes and sketches comprise the definitive study of Irish avifauna. This is not to say they have any intention of repaying the debt to or returning the phone calls of any of the colonel's surviving heirs.

Ornithologists, delighted as they will be with the current study, are encouraged to purchase, month in and month out, the *National Lampoon*. That way, bird fellows will not miss the forthcoming "Birds of Russia," including the so-called feathered Jews, forbidden to migrate by Soviet game wardens. Honestly and my God, have you ever seen the inside of a redzo game preserve? The birds are prevented from practicing their instincts and are all painted gray and, well, you'll see.



ORANGE SNIPER



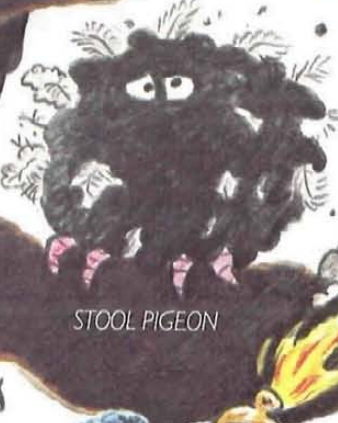
ENGLISH BUSTARD



GRIEVING WIDOW BIRD



YELLOW FINCHES



STOOL PIGEON



LAND MYNA BIRD

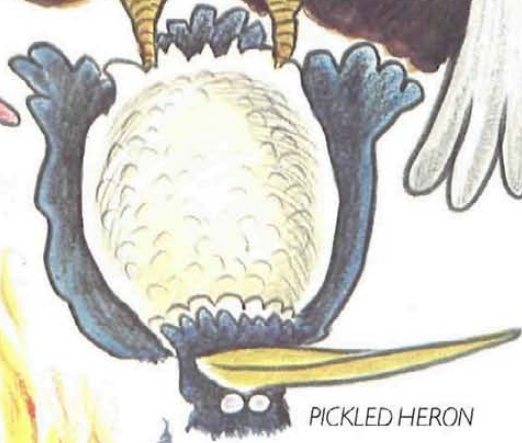


HURLING PETREL

Rich Meyerowitz



WILDE CHICKEN HAWK



PICKLED HERON



DRUNKEN COOT

WHITE-COLLARED CELIBATE

GUINNESS TAPSUCKER

SATURDAY NIGHTJAR

BANK ROBINS

IRISH WHISKEY JACK

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The Stay-at-Home Amusement Park

Are you ready for the fun, the adventure, the excitement of Six Flags Over Your House? Well, put on your silly suit! You're already there!

Dad! You'll love Six Flags Over Your House! No long, expensive drive, no hotel bills. Mom! You'll be able to supervise meals and know that the bathrooms are sanitary. And kids! You'll be on vacation all year round!

Come on to Six Flags Over Your House! You'll have the thrill-ridingest, slap-happiest, rip-roaringest time of your life! All in the comfort and privacy of your home!



BATHROOM LAND!

- 9 BUG FLUSH!
So long, pesky ants! Down the Hydroflusher!
- 10 SEA DOG!
Three shows daily. For shows

BACKYARD LAND!

- 11 SHARPSHOOTER!
Hey! Junior's going for a long shot! Beat that, Dad!
- 12 STATION WAGON RIDE!
Wow! Driving a real car!
- 13 THE DEADLY LAWNMOWER!
If it gets you, you're a goner!

ROOF LAND!

- 1 SANTA'S CHIMNEY RIDE!
Happy landing, little Santa!
- 2 SKY BIKES!
Whee! Off into the wild blue yonder goes Dad!

BASEMENT LAND!

- 3 ROTO WHIRL!
Don't get trapped in the socks!
- 4 THE TUMBLER!
What a hot time!
- 5 THE UNDERWEAR PEOPLE!
Horrrifying! Terrifying! Gross!

KITCHEN LAND!

- 6 Stop by for a snack or a complete meal! Mmmm! Delicious home-cooked food!

BEDROOM LAND!

- 7 SPECIAL ADULT SHOW!
Dad! You'll like this one! Wow!
- 8 CHAMBER OF HORRORS!
Old Aunt Martha and Uncle Merle sure look scary!



- 14 LAND MINE!
Try to make it across the minefield, fiendishly sabotaged by the Nazi dogs!

- 15 ZULU ATTACK!
Here come the Zulu warriors. Run! Hide!
- 16 TREASURE HUNT!
Look what Dad found! A real

SIX FLAGS OVER YOUR HOUSE!

Turn around and you're there!

Are you getting all the music from your records?

Of all the components in your audio system only the cartridge can retrieve the music from your records. The quality and the amount of music you hear depends on its performance.

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Empire Scientific Corp.,
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

We bring music to life

EMPIRE

LETTERS

continued from page 26

Sirs:

All the guys on the commune think it's a good idea to get back to the things the first communes did, so we've started a feud over who owns the wind with the commune down the gulch. We've also developed organic warfare, and after the Blue Sky Commune dropped an anthrax pig in our well, we ran a garden hose full of methane from decomposing pig shit into their Franklin stove and blew two of the fuckers through the cabin wall.

Interested?

Pigbo

Organic Warfare Development
Dauber Commune

Sirs:

I'm sittin' in muh cell doin' four/
four time,
Fur settin' purloined music to a
borrowed rhyme.
Ma troubles they all started
When I made the ten most wanted
list,
An' the ASCOPs told the D.A.,
Who gave my tail a twist.
Oh, Ah'm doin' easy listenin' time
On the rock pile, baby.

Lenny Deadbeater
San Quentin

Sirs:

It would seem to me that Roman Polanski could have made things a whole lot simpler by taking a twenty-three-year-old back to 1968, fucking her there, and bringing her home before he left.

Physics Grad Students
At Lunch

Sirs:

What's this I hear about them Israeli boys makin' all the A-rabs build them great big triangular highrises on the West Bank? I mean, if there's something going on, I want to know about it, you hear?

Zbigniew Brzezinski
NSA Accent Aquisition Department

Sirs:

If any of you run into me, let me know.

Dennis Hopper
Somewhere

Sirs:

I've got it! Tim Leary, dig it, is like a flashback himself. Remind me to assign that before Larry finds out I'm a rerun.

Krassner
Hustler

Sirs:

The truly wonderful thing about animals is you can fuck them six ways from Sunday and they won't tell a soul.

James Herriot
Out in the Barn
United Kingdom

Sirs:

Whoever's really sick of me and the wife, raise your hands.

Vidal Sassoon
c/o Your Cosmetic Counter

Sirs:

I learned a very great lesson. In this country, if you're going to smack somebody with a baseball bat, make sure it's a jibaboo.

Evel Knievel
Cell Suite Nine

Sirs:

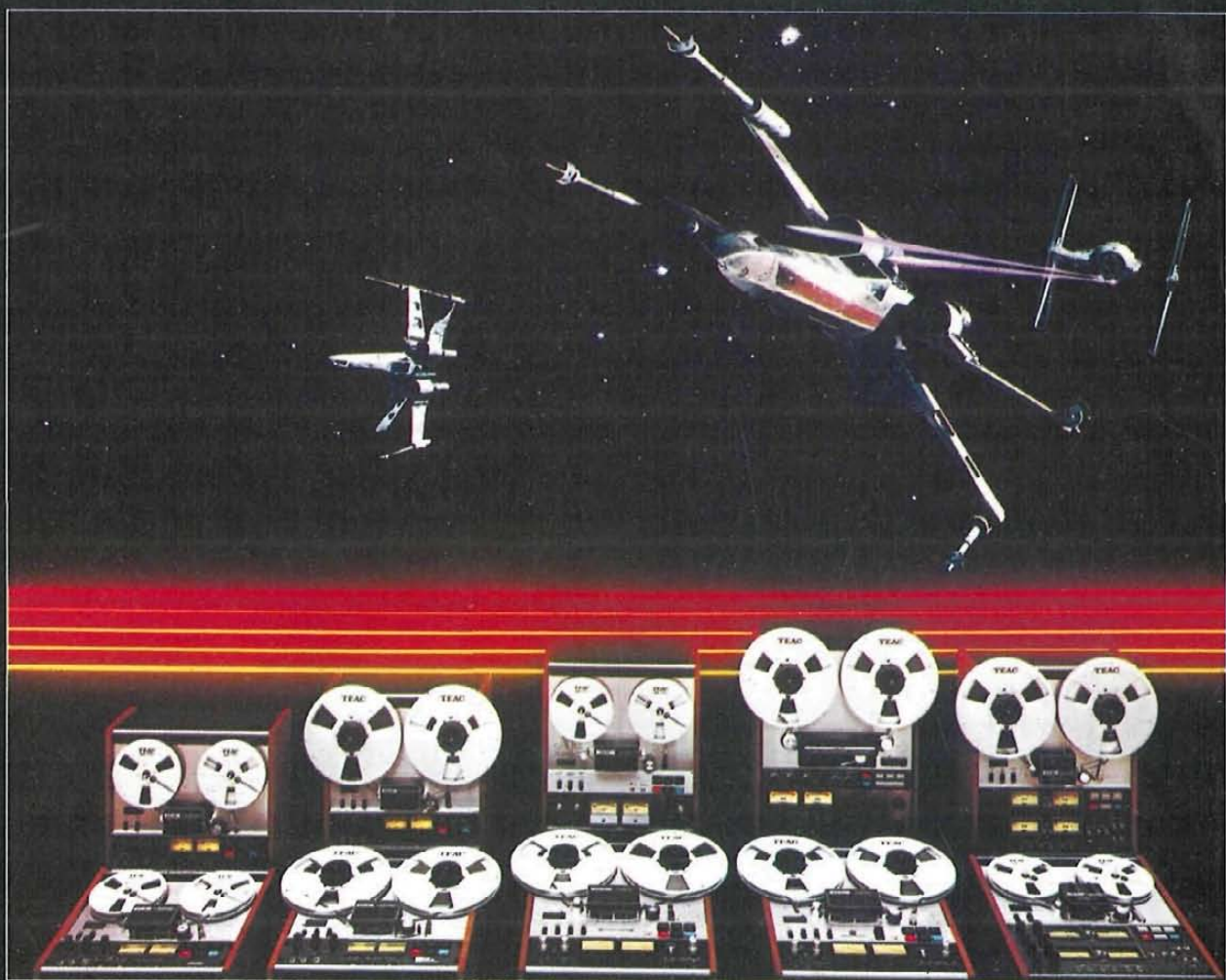
My new book is not like *Rocky*, as many cheap shot critics have accused it of being, you know. *Rocky* was a movie; my book is, you know, a book. *Rocky* takes about ninety minutes to see; the book takes, like, a couple of weeks to read, you know. *Rocky* you gotta see at a movie house, and my book you can get at a bookstore, you know. Need I say more?

Sly Stallone
Library of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Dear Dave Rockefeller:

I owe you a couple of grand. I'm a little short right now, what with a bad time with the ponies and a couple of bad runs on the market, but don't worry, I'll get you the money sometime. I was wondering in the meantime if you'd like any work done around the house—lawns, light carpentry, general maintenance—that sort of thing? Drop me a note at the magazine.

T. Mann
National Lampoon



BEST SUPPORTING ROLE BY A TAPE RECORDER.

To film makers, music professionals, broadcasters, audio-visual experts—even manufacturers of other hi-fi components—a TEAC is a working tool they depend on to capture and reproduce sound perfectly.

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TEAC®
First. Because they last.

“I have my own ideas about smoking.”

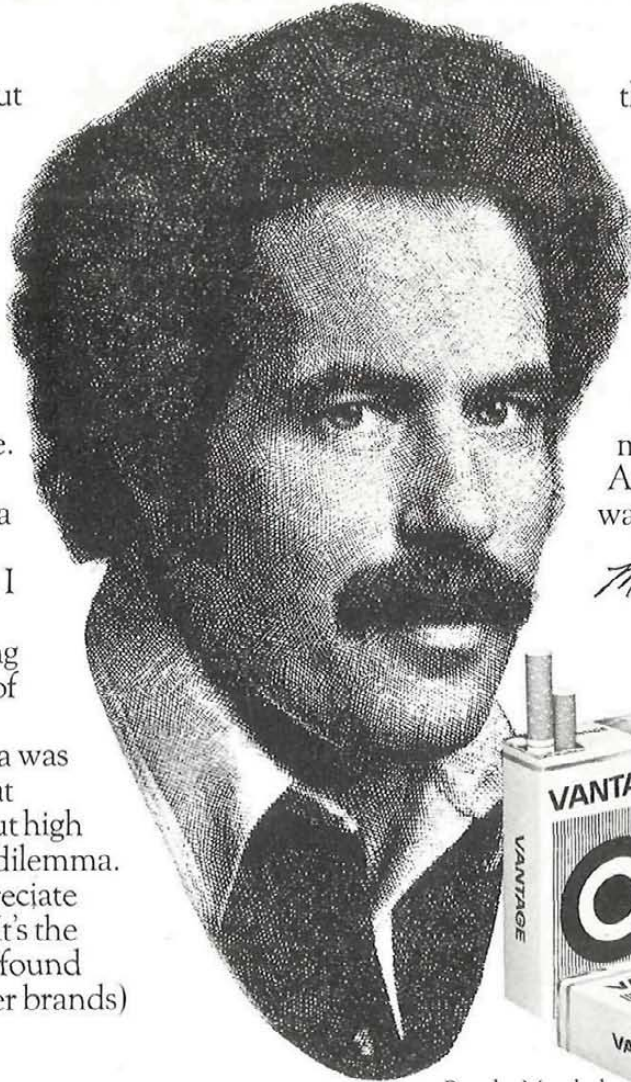
“I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there’s no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

“There’s also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

“Then at night when I work my other job — as a drummer — I enjoy lighting up between sets. It’s part of the way I live.

“For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

“Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It’s the only low-tar cigarette I’ve found (and I’ve tried several other brands)



that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

“And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it’s firm yet easy drawing.

“As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that’s just the way I like it.”

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



WANTS

REMEMBER HOW SOMETIMES THINGS WOULD UNEXPECTEDLY GET TO BE A LOT BIGGER AND MORE SCARY THAN YOU FIGURED THEY WOULD WHEN YOU STARTED THEM, BUT BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE TO STOP?

YEAH, IT'S GOT TO BE RIGHT DOWN THERE—THAT'S THE BACK OF 1095 MAIN STREET!

WOW! AND ONLY JUST LAST NIGHT!

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING...

OH, MY GOD!

WELL, THERE CAN'T BE MUCH TO—

WHAT?

LOOK—THAT'S ONE OF THOSE THINGS THEY DRAW AROUND YOU WHEN YOU GET KILLED!

JEEZ—I ALWAYS THOUGHT THEY'D RUB IT AWAY!

WHAT DO YOU KIDS WANT?

NOTHING, MISTER!

NOTHING, MISTER!

WHAT DO YOU THINK THOSE SPLOTCHES WERE ON THE CEMENT?

THEY'D HAVE TO WIPE THAT UP!!!

I DON'T KNOW...

Waham Wilson
©1978

THIS STRIP IS DEDICATED TO ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE PROMISED TO DEDICATE THE STRIP TO AND I HAVEN'T DEDICATED THE STRIP TO!

20TH CENTURY FOX presents SPENCER TRACY

CHICKEN GUTZ

and KATHERINE HEPBURN as GUESS WHO?

everything is possible through daily prayer



the PUNK PARLOR

WELL BLESS MY BEAK... I'VE HAD A FEW WIGS HERE!

EGAD! an opportunity to test my MUSICAL PROWESS!

AUDITIONS TODAY

NEW MUSICAL ACTS NEEDED

KATHRIN FROM MANHATTAN LUVS RANDY

something tells me this is the start of another giant FIASCO!

I shall repair to my humble domicile and fetch my TARDPATCH FIDDLE!

HE'S GOING HOME TO GET HIS UKE!

AWRIGHT... now all of youse musician fags wait for yer names to be called an' den lay da sounds on me!!

RATHER STRANGE PEOPLE!

I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO MY INTERVIEW - SHE WANTED ME TO BE AN EAGLE!

OKAY - da foist group is "TERMINAL CANCER"!

IF YOU DON'T COME BACK TO ME BABEEEEEE

I'M GOING TO BASH IN YOUR FACE AND SMASH YOUR EYE BALLS AND TWIST YOUR BRACES AND...

pretty lyrics

my heavens... these people are not very good!

OKAY - da next group is "SHELDON SHIT and da MACHO MACHINE GUNS"!

OMIGOD!! look what they're doing to that girl!!

ALLEY COP!

LATER

KILL AND MAIM AND BARF YER BRAIN OUT BUT PLEEZE STAY TROO TA MEEEE

he's actually KILLING the lead guitarist

OKAY... next is FESTER ZIT!

OKAY - next is... HMMM GUTZ... that's got a nice ring to it!

this last group, "VIOLENT UPCHUCK", wasn't bad. The BLEEDING PIANO was a nice touch!

these groups were so dreadful, I'm sure to get the job! I'll do something MODERN!

here comes the BIG FINISH gang...

AHEM... ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE... ALL YOU...

THAT'S ENOUGH!

DON'T CALL US...

FATHER TIME

JES' PASSING THROUGH!

don't you hate happy endings?

ALL ALOOONE BY THE TELEPHONE...

GOODNITE, SNOOKI!

THIS COMIC STRIP HAS BEEN CONDEMNED BY SNOOKI'S MOTHER... TOUGH TUSHI!

HELLO TO MY PALS IN HOLLYWOOD - PEARL AN' ROWLAND AN' DAVEY AN' JOANNA AN' THE WEA SEL AN' PETER AN' MATHEW BRADY AN' BEAUTIFUL TERRY AN' CURT AN' L.B. J.!





What's weirder than a time warp, unique as a unicorn? A magazine that's totally new in concept, a magazine that's brilliantly executed, a magazine that has real impact on its readers. Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine, is one.

Published by Twenty First Century Communications, the creators of National Lampoon, it began in March of '77 with a limited distribution. Within months, its sales had tripled.

Heavy Metal has already gone far beyond any magazine of fantasy or science fiction in the quality of its artwork, the daring of its stories, the number of copies sold.

We have quoted a fan who wrote to us: "Heavy Metal is better than being stoned. Almost."

You can subscribe today.

All checks must be payable within continental U.S. or Canada. For each year, add \$2.50 for Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries.

Heavy Metal—635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

NL-478

Yes, I want to be a subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to deduct \$8.00 from the subscription prices listed below.

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BankAmericard # _____

Bank # _____ Expiration Date _____

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Three years (36 issues) \$33.00. Deduct \$8.00—you pay \$25.00

Send my subscription to:

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ADDRESS: _____

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the AESOP BROTHERS SIAMESE TWINS



DEAR READER,
DUE TO A MISHAP (PRONOUNCED, MISH-AP) THE AESOP BROS. WERE REPAIRED UPSIDE-DOWN, BACKWARDS! THEY DECIDE TO TWIST THEMSELVES STRAIGHT, THUS PLACING A KINK IN THE BAND OF FLESH THAT BINDS THEM TOGETHER. THE CONSTRICTION CAUSES THEM TO TURN BLACK! * SEE BOTTOM OF PAGE



ALEX, WE'VE TURNED BLACK!

YEAH, PUTTIN' A KINK WHERE WE'RE JOINED MUSTA DONE IT...

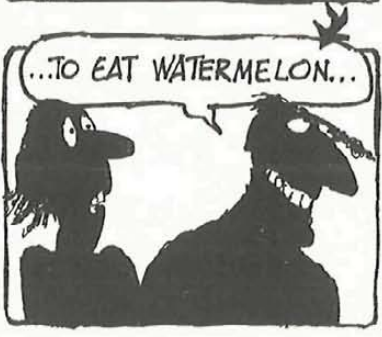


DO YOU FEEL OKAY OTHERWISE?

FINE, EXCEPT... WELL... YOU'RE GONNA LAUGH...



...I HAVE THIS URGE TO, TO...HEE, HEE, HEE...



...TO EAT WATERMELON...



GEE, THAT'S FUNNY, ALEX, I GOT AN URGE, TOO... LIKE A COMPULSION...

YOU BUGGA! I BET YOU WANTA GO OUT WITH WHITE GIRLS!



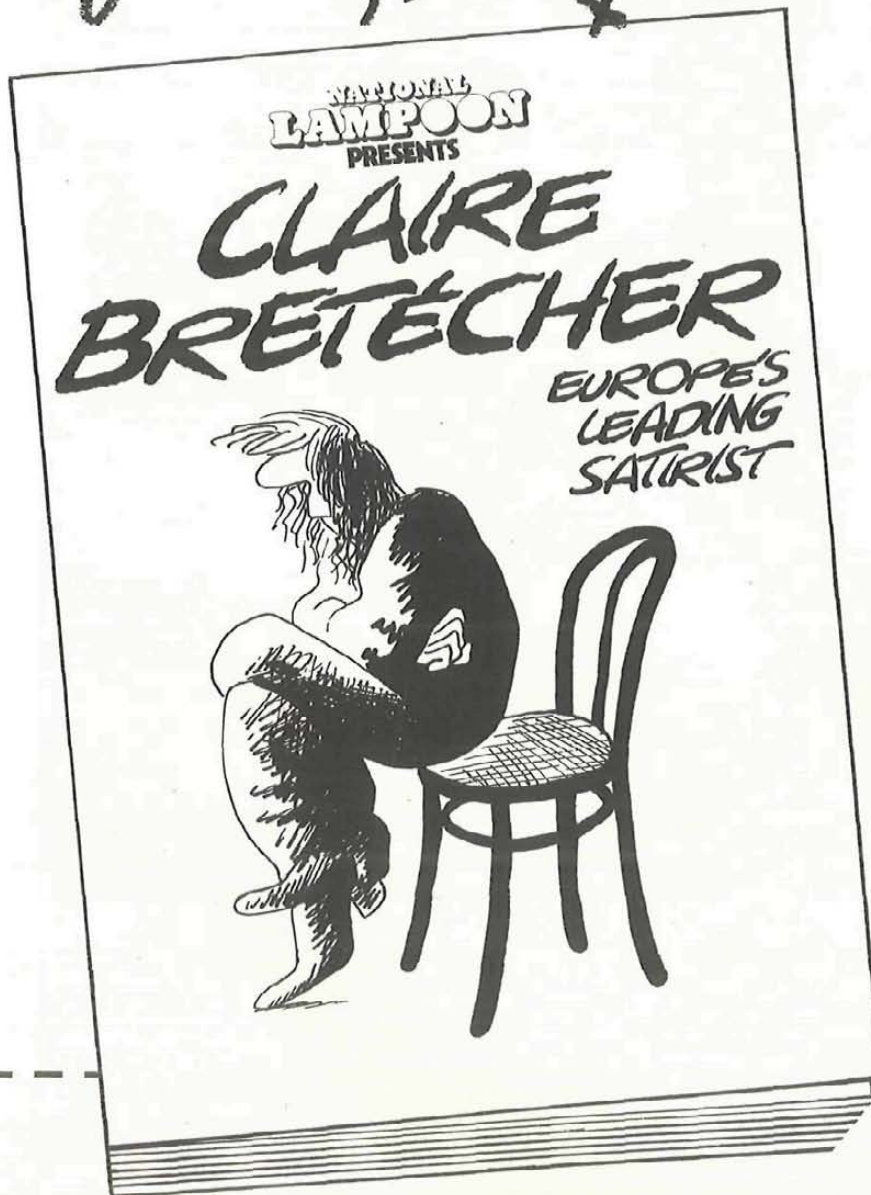
ALEX, I GOTTA JOIN THE URBAN LEAGUE!



GEORGE, YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SNOB!

* TO OUR READERS OF COLOR: SINCE THIS PAGE IS PRINTED ONLY IN BLACK AND WHITE, I COULDN'T VERY WELL HAVE CHANGED THEM TO GREEN OR RED OR ORANGE, NOW COULD I?

Claire Bretécher
is a funny lady ~~woman~~ person!



The National Lampoon...

the world's most widely read adult humor magazine... presents a collection of the very best cartoons, comics, and satire of Claire Bretécher.

The funniest, most devilishly clever, and most popular cartoon-satirist in Europe today is Claire Bretécher, the rapier-like artist whose look at the middle class male—his life, and his pursuit of the opposite sex—has also made her one of the continent's most admired feminists. You'll delight in her jabs at contemporary life, especially when you suddenly realize that it's you—and me—she's teasing. This first American book by Bretécher is a collection of full-color and black-and-white cartoons and comics, extracted from four enormously popular books already published in France. It has been translated by *National Lampoon* editors and presented in this country by that magazine. The Bretécher book will be available only in select bookstores, and may be purchased now through this advertisement for \$5.95, plus a small postage and handling charge.

National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, please send me _____ copy(s) of *National Lampoon Presents Claire Bretécher... Europe's Leading Satirist*. I enclose \$5.95 for each copy. Please add 60¢ for postage and handling.

Sales tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 8%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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WITHOUT WINNING A LOTTERY OR ANYTHING, DANGER RANGERETTE GETS A PHONE CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT...



WANT YOU TO ATTEND INTERNATIONAL FOREST RANGER CONFERENCE IN TOKYO--

FASTEN YOUR LUNCH, PLEASE, WE ARE ABOUT TO ENTER AN AREA OF TURBULENCE.

IF I'D KNOWN THESE JAP PLANES HAD NO SEATS, I'D HAVE TAKEN THAT AIR HINDU JET, EVEN IF IT DID LOOK LIKE A LAUNDRY BOILER AND WAS LEAKING SAWDUST FROM UNDER ITS WINGS!

I'M A RANGERETTE; CAN I HELP YOU WITH YOUR KEMP BUCKET, MA'AM?

--AT DEMOCRACY'S EXPENSE!

F. THORNE

ON BEHALF OF PRESIDENT CARTER, I'D LIKE TO SAY HELLO!



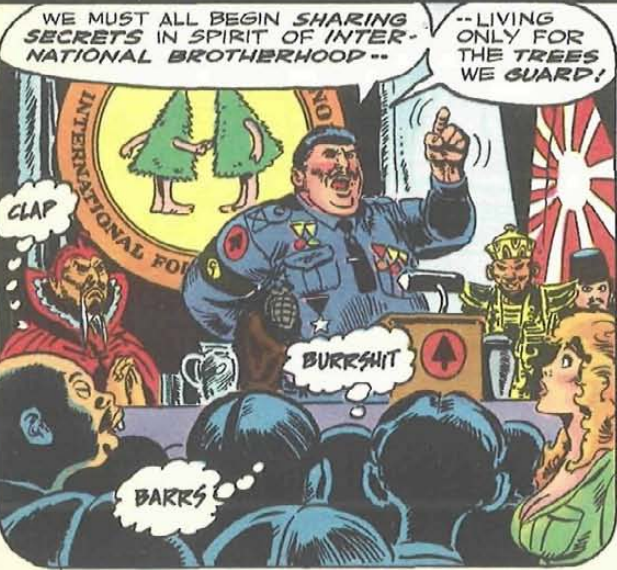
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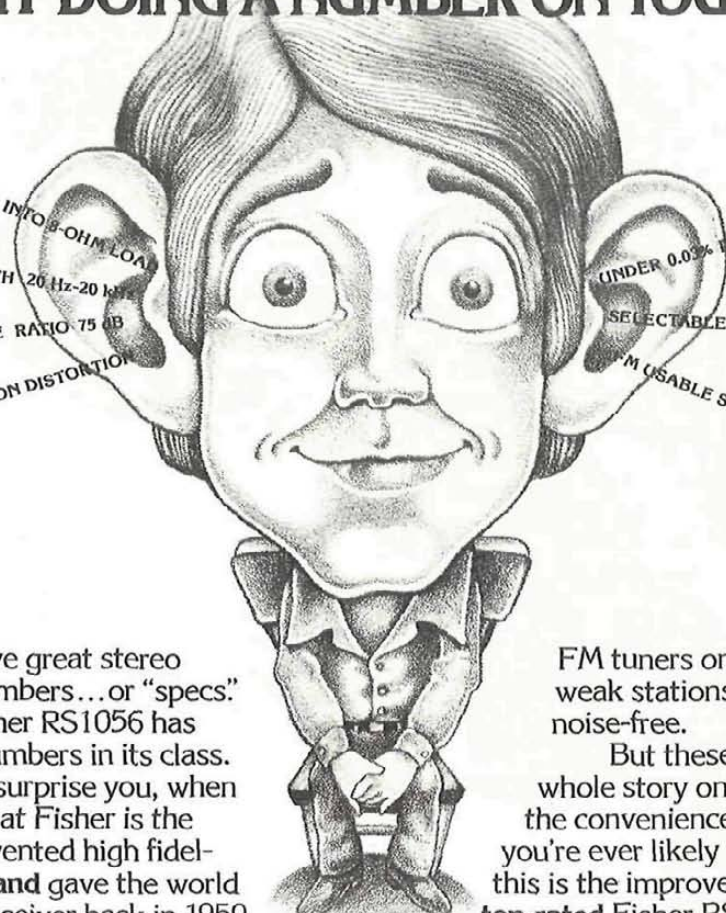
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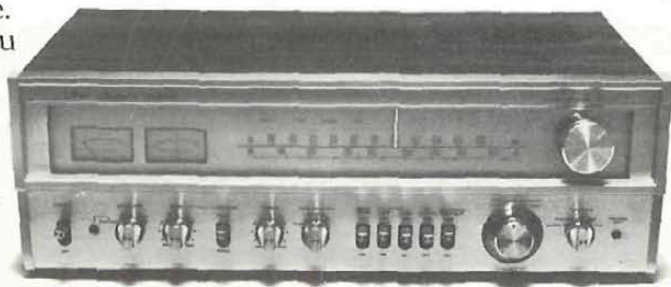
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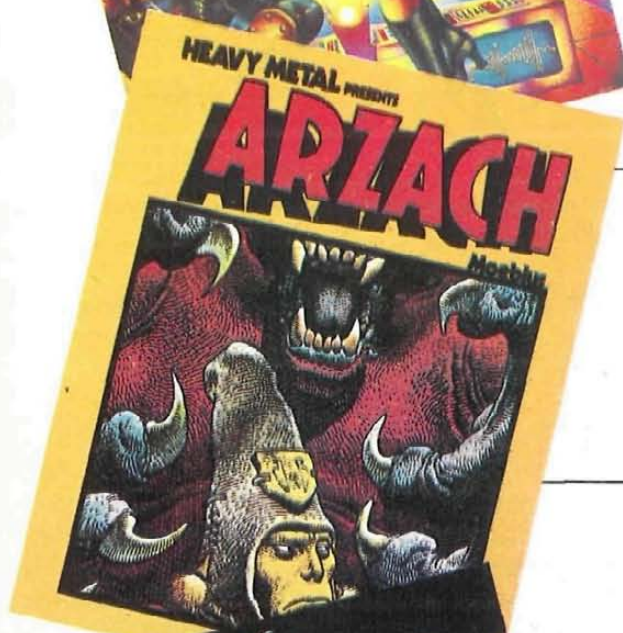
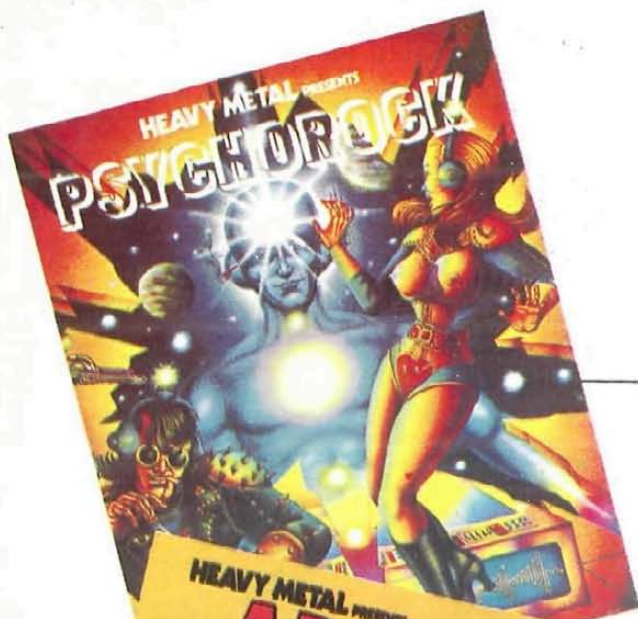
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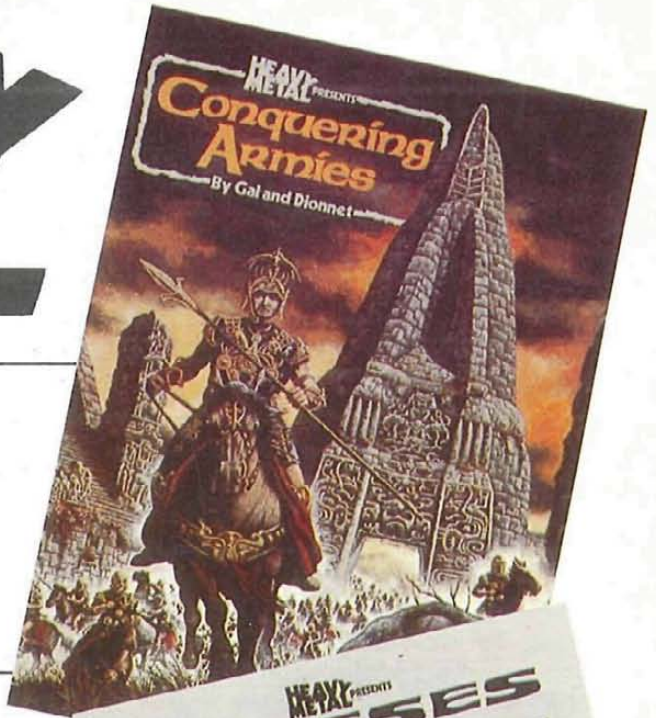
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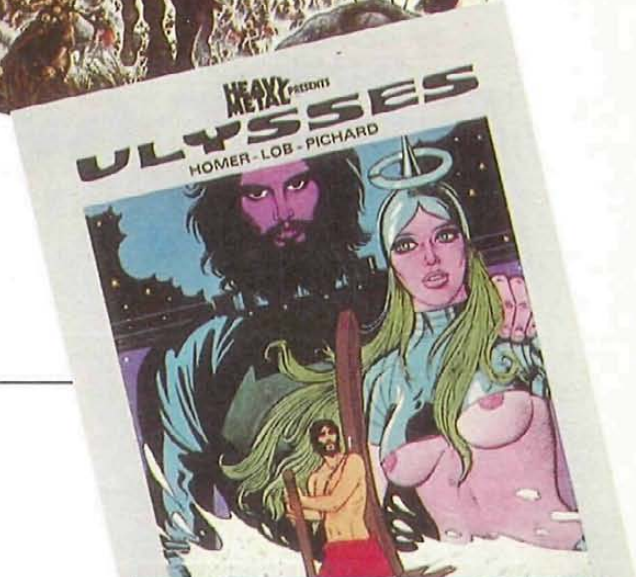
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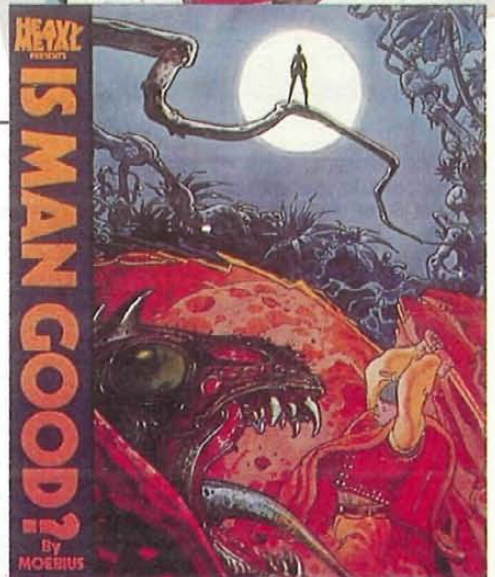
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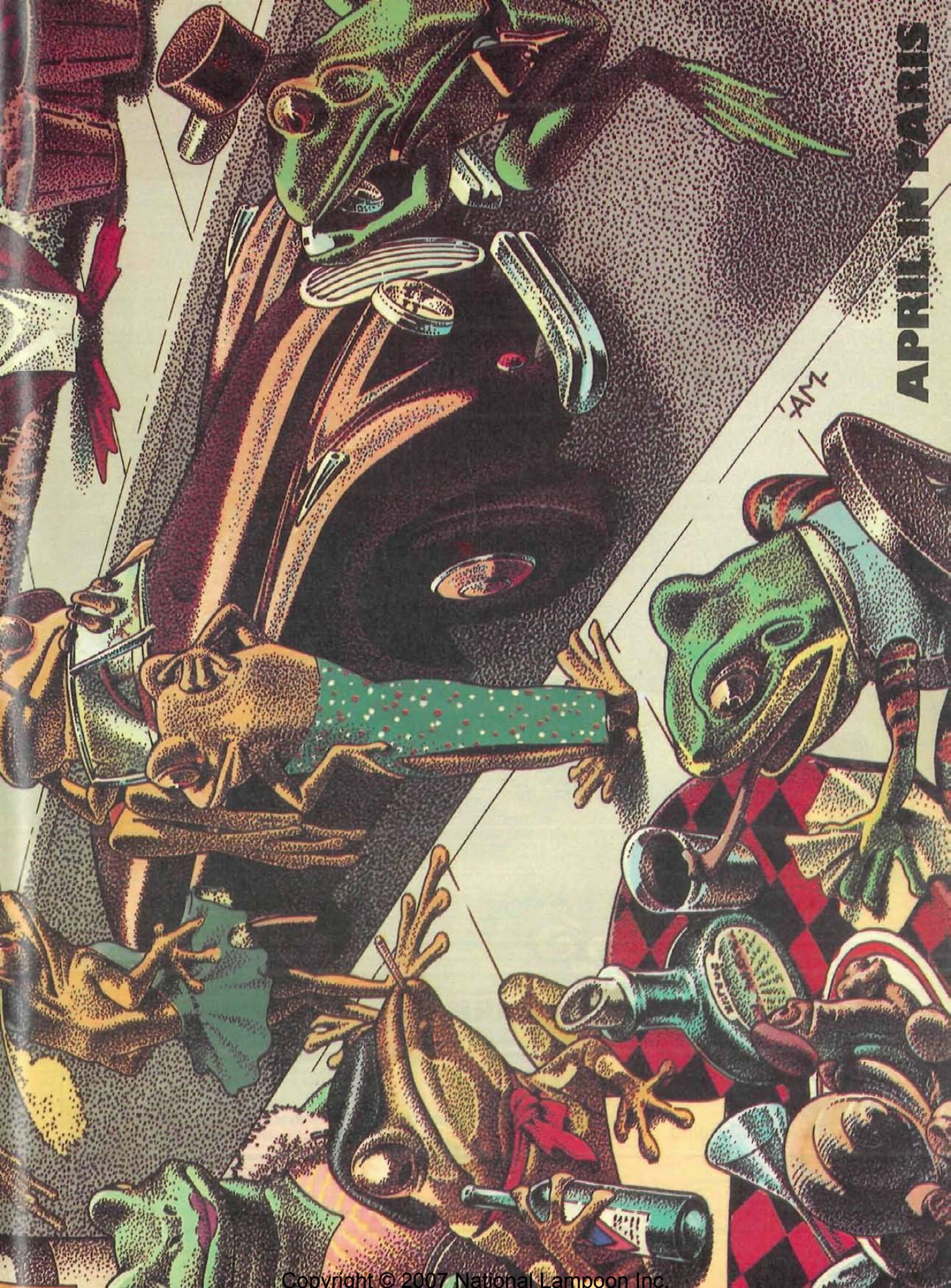
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

THE AUTORAMA

continued from page 31

against the throng. The lights had been dimmed, and a series of red, purple, green, and blue spotlights gave the immense hall an eerie, unearthly glow. As he adjusted his eyes to the darkness, Ralph noticed the tiers of ballroom boxes rising five stories high, like the layers on a wedding cake. Then, one by one, he picked out five spinning stages set dead on the ballroom floor. On each stage, the shape of an automobile appeared, still dimly in the unfamiliar light. They were, Ralph knew, the Dream Cars of the Future: five models of what automobiles would look like in the year 1975—twenty years from today.

Eagerly pushing his cousin in front of him, Ralph arrived in front of the first Dream Car.

"What is it?" Lennie asked.

"It's a 1975 Chevrolet Dynaton X-5," Ralph said, reading the electric sign hanging on top of the stage.

It was incredible. The entire passenger compartment was made of some transparent plastic. The seats swiveled completely around. The body of the car seemed to be made of a bright blue metal that would have seemed more at home on a spaceship than on a car. The taillights rose, fell, and rose again in a series of curves that rippled the width of the automobile, and the grill seemed to form a giant mouth with four rows of teeth. Standing at the head of the Dynaton X-5 was a woman with long blond hair wearing a metallic dress that rose from her ankles to form a huge crown with antennas above her head.

"Wouldn't ya like to sit inside that car, Ralph, wouldn't ya?" Lennie said.

"Sure," Ralph said casually, but he had difficulty swallowing. That instant, he would have sold his soul for one minute inside the Dynaton X-5.

Silently, as if in a cathedral, Ralph and Lennie walked from one Dream Car to another: the Pontiac Jupiter 13, the Oldsmobile Satellite; the Buick Lunaflow; and the Cadillac Eldorado Montezuma. Then all the lights went out, and a screen dropped in front of the bandstand at the head of the ballroom

"Ladies and gentlemen," a voice boomed from the loudspeaker system. "Welcome to the wonderful world of the auto—1975!" The movie showed what things would be like in 1975. It showed elevated highways crisscrossing giant cities with roads wrapping around hundred-story high apartment build-

ings and offices; twenty years from now, the announcer was saying, you would drive right up to the eighty-fifth floor where you work, then get in your car, drive around the building to the highway, get to your home, drive up to your seventieth floor apartment, and step right into your living room! The movie showed how you would drive right through supermarkets, shopping and paying without ever getting out of your automobile. And best of all, the film showed how you would hook your car up to a highway magnet and be carried along for hundreds of miles without touching the steering wheel. In the film they showed two couples, all dressed in aluminum, sitting inside the Chevrolet Dynaton X-5, swiveling around and talking to each other as the car sped along the highway.

"Geez, it's gonna be terrific," Lennie whispered.

Ralph just nodded, too stunned by this vision to insult his cousin.

Then the movie ended, and the two couples from the movie stepped in front of the screen, right there in person, and began singing a song about building highways and making room for the future. The two women were wearing aluminum foil shorts which barely reached their thighs, and all of the men in the crowd began whistling and pushing toward the stage. Ralph looked over his shoulder and saw that no one was standing anywhere near the Chevrolet Dynaton X-5 Dream Car, spinning slowly on the small revolving stage.

He grabbed Lennie and scurried

through the crowd to the Dream Car.

"Lennie," Ralph hissed at him. "Keep a lookout and yell if anybody's coming."

"What are you gonna do, Ralph?" Lennie asked.

"Just shut up and do what I say," Ralph said. He stood by the stage, then quickly hoisted himself up onto the small platform. Instead of a door, there was a hatch which opened clear to the transparent roof of the Dream Car. Ralph worked the handle...and it opened! He slipped inside and closed the hatch. He was in!

The dashboard looked like something out of Tom Corbett, *Space Cadet*. There were more dials and knobs than he had ever seen in one place. He looked up and found himself staring right through the transparent roof to the ceiling of the Grand Ballroom, perhaps a hundred feet high. He swiveled in the driver's seat, noting with pleasure the built-in TV set in the dashboard. It was heaven—absolute, total heaven.

"Ralph! Ralph!" It was Lennie, yelling at him from below. "The guard's comin,' Ralph!"

Ralph tried to push the hatch open. It was stuck! He was trapped inside the Dynaton X-5!

Suddenly the hatch flew open, and Ralph jumped outside...right into the arms of the Pinkerton Security Guard.

"Oh, it's you again, is it?" the guard yelled. "I got you this time, you J.D. punk!"

With a tearful Lennie running alongside of him, Ralph was dragged through the crowd of adults, who

continued on page 94



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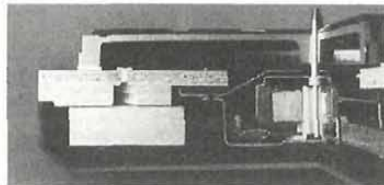
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Fact

CATTLE MUTILATIONS CUT DEEP

By Bill Moseley

The Angus cow had been dead for nearly twelve hours before being discovered by its distraught owner. But there was still no sign of rigor mortis. The animal was found lying on its right side, the left side of its face peeled away, exposing both lower jawbones. Over the one remaining eye was a veil of bluish film. A round, red hole where the milk-swollen udders hung the night before attested to the surgical skill of the unknown predator, which had, with frightening precision, reduced the Angus to a bleeding carcass.

Beginning in 1974, in the rich farmlands of southern Minnesota, documented reports of inexplicable livestock mutilations have spread with alarming frequency across much of America's cattle country. More than 1,500 head of cattle in twenty-two states and Puerto Rico have been mutilated in the past four years.

The pattern is always the same: when night descends, the bright lights appear, winking and hovering over the range. They remain for awhile, then vanish as quickly and mysteriously as they appeared.

This is not the work of coyotes or ordinary rustlers, as the authorities would have us all believe. Coyotes tear their prey with indiscriminate, ripping bites. Rustlers carry off the dressed carcasses of the dead livestock to sell or eat themselves. No ordinary cattle killer removes only select organs while leaving the

meat-laden bodies behind.

While state and local law enforcement officials and members of elite cattlemen's associations cling to their story that the rash of mutilations is the work of natural predators, the ranchers and farmers whose herds are being torn apart aren't buying the whitewash. "I've been here for seventy-nine years, and I guess I know the work of a coyote when I see one," said Reuben Olson, a Colorado rancher whose hundred head of cattle are just small dots on his 1,280-acre spread. "One of my neighbors had a steer picked up right out of his corral and dropped five miles away before it was cut up. I've never heard of a coyote like that!"

The powers that be in government have stuck to their predator story despite mountains of evidence to the contrary. At most, our

trusted public officials will concede that the heinous hackings may be the work of medical school pranksters. Some students of the occult suggest that the mutilations are being performed by Satanic cults who use cow blood and bull genitals in their orgiastic "moon moans." Still others believe that the night surgery is being conducted by protein-starved aliens who swoop from the stars in UFOs to snip vitamin-rich organs from their helpless victims.

The most convincing theory is that the mutilations are secretly being carried out by helicopter-borne U.S. military teams to gather fresh tissue and organs for clandestine chemical/biological warfare experiments.

Before pointing an accusing finger at any of these possible culprits, it might be prudent to consider the few

recurring elements found in the "classic" mutilations. First, there are the unidentified lights in the sky, the harbingers of the night chops. Are they UFOs, helicopters, or secret military aircraft? Secondly, there is the mutilation pattern: removal of sensory organs (eyes, ears, tongues), reproductive organs, udders, anal tracts, and strips of hide. The third clue is the fact that the mutilated carcasses deteriorate at a rate three times as fast as cattle that have died of natural causes. And last, but hardly least, the notable and perplexing absence of footprints or signs of struggle.

Piecing these clues together, a rough picture emerges: somebody or something, borne by some sort of aircraft, descends under cover of darkness, shoots its intended bovine victim with darts containing tranquilizers or some deteriorating poison, attacks its neutralized prey with saws and scalpels, and vanishes, leaving only the mutilated body behind as testament to its visit. Now, multiply this by 1,500 cattle, four years, and twenty-two states, and you can appreciate the scope and secrecy of the night surgeons' work. Obviously, there is big money involved; men, equipment, intelligence, skill. No deranged medical student could pull it off; no Satan cult is big enough; and it sure isn't some coyote conspiracy. That leaves us with the outer space connection and Big Brother.

Whoever or whatever is responsible for the gruesome trail of mutilated bodies will undoubtedly continue the night surgery until its mission is accomplished.



Mutilated Angus, Sterling, Colorado, 7/24/77, photographed by Bill Jackson.

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Bullshit

"Bullshit" tips its own raffish beret to S.I. Hayakawa, formerly chancellor of San Francisco State College and currently the junior senator (R) from California. His inelegantly written cover piece for the January, 1978 issue of *Harper's* ("Mr. Hayakawa Goes to Washington") affords the reader a dazzling display of historical ignorance, platitudinous claptrap, and bald self-contradiction. The article offers more than the mere musings of a conservative chowderhead; it presents us with nothing less than the credo and apologia of a veritable conservative bouillabaissehead.

It opens with a few gee-whizzisms concerning the experience of a rookie in the Senate—commoners are apparently deferential to U.S. senators, hanging on their every utterance and eager to please. Rookie Hayakawa finds himself, willy-nilly, on the Budget Committee, where adults barely skilled at balancing checkbooks are asked to appropriate billions of dollars each year. Hayakawa rolls back his sleeves, and soon begins to fight the good fight on behalf of cutbacks on allocations for the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act programs, which, he says, have not proved effective. His amendment is soundly defeated, and CETA's appropriations are nearly doubled, but Hayakawa finds solace in the twenty-nine votes he garnered on the floor.

Fair enough. But now things get grandiose. The man whom Gerald Ford once flattered by inadvertently referring to him as "Hiawatha" muses: What is government for? Time was, government's job was to keep order and "regulate trade." Now, however, it seems government's principal function is to redistribute income. (Not wealth; "income.") And at what cost? Why, at the expense of the happiness of the do-somethings: "The produc-

ers of goods and services will have to give up more than half of their earnings to support the beneficiaries of the system." (This, if the current trend of easy handouts from the Feds continues.)

And as if this isn't bad enough, even the do-nothings won't be happy: "As for the beneficiaries, they will remain discontented, since many of their benefits will come not in cash, but in kind—such as medical care, day care services, and educational grants-in-aid." The outlook is bleak: "In brief, everyone is going to be unhappy—both those who are taxed and those who benefit from the taxes—which means the whole country."

Worse. The blanket awarding of As to college students in the sixties and seventies made college "meaningless." Similarly, "What happens in the schools is not unlike what happens in society at large when the penalties of improvidence, laziness, or ignorance are not just softened, but removed. . . . Motivation, the desire to excel, the urge to accomplishment—all these disappear. The dynamism of society is lost."

And government itself? Don't make S.I. laugh. "Politicians, too, have flourished

by getting increased federal grants for this or that disadvantaged group. They go back to their constituents and say, 'Look what I've done for you,' and get reelected." (But didn't the senator just tell us that "everyone" was going to be "unhappy" because of this fast and loose spending of the federal dollar? Should we conclude, then, that "politicians" secure free handouts for "disadvantaged groups," who thereupon become unhappy, and so reelect their tormentors to another term in Washington? Do pigs live in trees? Hello?)

But here comes the best part of the whole song. Warning that, "You destroy not only education, you destroy society by giving As to everyone," and admitting that, "This is a philosophical consideration that bothers me very much as I sit in the United States Senate. . . ." Hayakawa winds up for the haymaker.

He is compelled to bring up the matter of "business in the world." He waxes nostalgic, and relates a story his father told him just before the beginning of World War II. The elder Hayakawa, a "prosperous importer and exporter in Osaka," is visited by

his brand-new-Ph.D.-in-English-from-the-University-of-Wisconsin-toting son in 1935. Father reveals how his company is exporting imitation patent-leather shoes to Central America(!). The then-rebellious S.I. sneers. Father delivers lecture that son has never forgotten.

Father says: "Do you know what happens to those imitation patent-leather shoes when they are bought by a poor man in Central America? . . . When he goes to the city with them, he ties the laces together and hangs them around his neck and walks to town in sandals or barefoot. Then when he reaches the marketplace he puts them on. As he struts around in them, he examines glassware from Germany, silk scarves from Hong Kong, chocolates from Switzerland, canned peas and goose liver from France. All this gives him an intimation of a larger world than that of his little country—and his outlook changes.

"He wants to belong to that larger world. If he can't do it himself, he dreams that possibly his children may. So he wants them to learn to read and write, so that they can belong to that larger world. And the moment that peasant, that illiterate peasant, says to himself, 'We don't have to be peons forever; social change is on its way. And I am contributing to that social change with those imitation patent-leather shoes.'"

Stunning stuff, this. But we read on. "The unintended revolution created by mass production and mass consumption has come close to producing a classless society in America. Executives and workingmen alike drive Comets and Cadillacs, drink Coke and Schlitz and Old Grand-Dad, eat Nabisco wafers and Hormel ham, and watch the Johnny Carson show." Then, just when we fear he's going to forget everyone's favorite homily,



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Spoilers

Great Inventions of the Recent Past

he delivers: "There is no 'ruling class.' Anyone can become President...and, after attaining that lofty height, he can still be impeached." The article ends with a few stirring words about "our energy, our inventiveness, our encouragement of initiative."

"Bullshit" reads this nonsense and swoons. Here is an article in which the hordes of welfare chiselers, freeloaders, and something-for-nothing parasites are decried and in which there is not a single mention of inflation and the skyrocketing prices of Hormel hams and Nabisco wafers—not to mention appendectomies. Here is a piece in which grades in college are unambiguously touted as the source of "meaning" in an educational experience, an end, not a means. Here is a sit-down bath of self-contradictory hogwash zestfully salted with references to some of your favorite myths and legends from American history. ("An affluent society must do what it can...to provide equality of opportunity to those who have been denied it," opines the senator. One needn't be able to distinguish Karl from Groucho and Harpo to perceive that "equality of opportunity" is a meaningless bit of prattle.) Here is a magazine article in which the history of international trade, industrialism, and economic imperialism is reduced to a patronizing account of a simple peasant strutting around the marketplace lusting after canned peas. S.I. Hayakawa's notion of a "classless society" is one in which everyone drinks Old Grand-Dad and watches Johnny Carson.

"Bullshit"—desperate for copy to meet its deadline for the April issue—wishes to thank *Harper's* and S.I. Hayakawa for this lengthy exposition, vividly detailed, in what anyone with half a lobe in his or her noggin can see is, as they say, bullshit.

MOVIES

Coma: Although the film follows the book closely, there are these differences. Susan Wheeler is now a surgical resident, she is already having a torrid affair with Mark, and the first coma fatality is her old school friend.

A Night Full of Rain: Spoiled American Candice Bergen is married to passionate Italian politico Giancarlo Giannini. They fight, make love, watch their marriage go stale, think about divorce, and stay married.

The Gauntlet: After stealing an ambulance, terrorizing a band of Hell's Angels, kidnapping a cop, hijacking a bus, and punching a woman in the face, Clint and his girl drive the bus through a gauntlet of thousands of heavily armed and shooting police. They not only survive but kill the bad guy and announce their marriage plans.

True Masthead

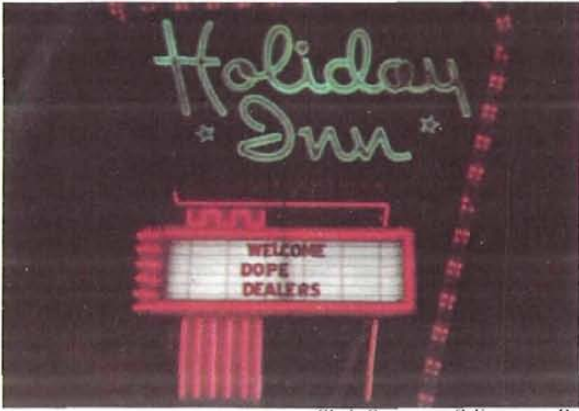
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Editor's Note: The items which appear in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in the *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.



This is Gary Smith. He is a graphics illustrator at the University of Michigan medical school. He thinks ordinary neckties are non-functional, boring, and uninteresting. So he invented this necktie. It is made of vinyl and contains water. In the water is Gary's pet goldfish. In comparison to ordinary neckties, this tie is extremely functional: it enables the user to wear a goldfish around his neck. Gary has a vision in which all species and kinds of aquatic life could be worn according to the social occasion. The possibilities—guppies, algae, clams, snails, food coloring in the water, etc.—are limitless.

What's Your Sign?



Chris Courogen, Selinsgrove, Pa.



Ken Guillaume, Lansing, Michigan



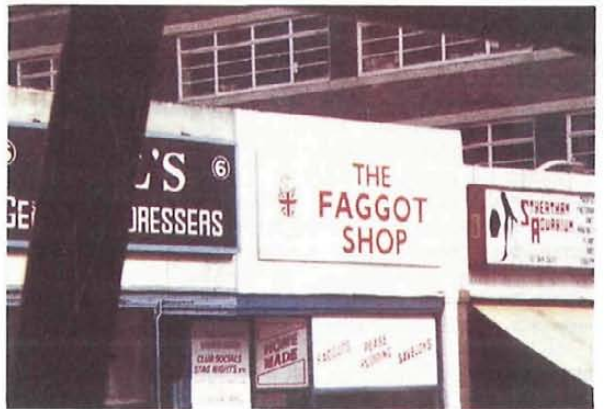
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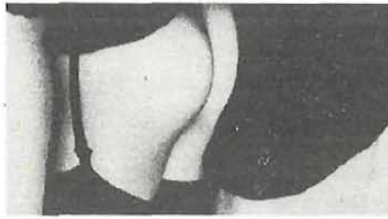
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THE AUTORAMA

continued from page 87

laughed and pointed at him. The guard took him into an office marked *Private* and all but threw him down into a chair.

"I'm calling the police, punk," the guard said with an evil grin on his face. "They'll know how to deal with punks like you."

In spite of himself, Ralph found tears trickling from his eyes.

"Please don't," Ralph cried, furious at himself for his pleading, begging tone. "My parents—they'd die if I got in trouble."

The guard looked at him thoughtfully.

"How much dough you got on you?" he asked.

Ralph felt in his pockets, and pulled out two crumpled bills.

"I—I've got two dollars, and—wait, I have this five dollar bill here in my wallet."

The guard swiped at the money and stuffed it in his pants.

"All right, punk, now beat it before I change my mind." And he shoved Ralph and Lennie out the door and slammed it, while he chuckled to himself.

"I've got an extra fifteen cents, Ralph," Lennie said. "That'll get us home."

"Yeah," Ralph said, while his mind was ablaze with anger. This was how a giant auto company treated people, he thought. *I'll get even with them if it's the last thing I ever do.* All the way home, Ralph's mind worked feverishly. He would spend years, his whole life if he had to, to get back at this auto company that had so humiliated him, so cheated him for a moment's youthful impulse. He didn't know just how, but he would get back at this giant enterprise that had destroyed his fondest source of pleasure. . . .

Ralph's mind kept working until, without his noticing it, they arrived home at his apartment. His mother and his aunt were waiting for them.

"Where have you been all this time?" Lennie's mother asked.

"We were at the auto show and we saw the future, right, Ralph?" Lennie said, wisely omitting the embarrassing details.

"We sure did," Ralph said.

"Well," said Lennie's mother, "we better be going. Say good-bye, Lennie."

"Good-bye, Ralph," said Lennie.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Nader."

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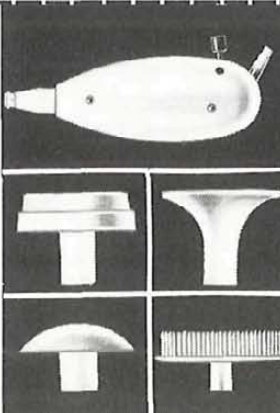
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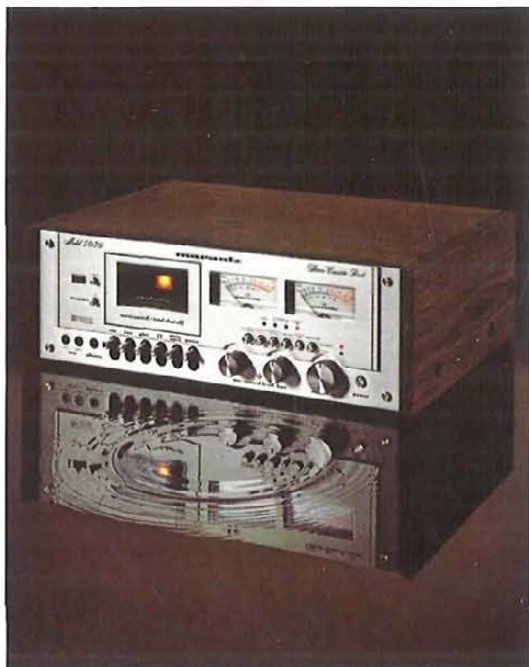
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